

English Literature for Secondary Schools
General Editor :—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN



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TORONTO

Wanderings in Spain

Selections from "The Bible in Spain"
of
George Borrow

With Introduction, Notes, etc., by

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INTRODUCTION

“ A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk ;
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb ;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse ;
Who never will forsake his friend
While he his bony fist can bend ;
And, though averse to brawl and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife ;
Oh that is just the lad for me,
And such is honest six-foot-three ”

THAT is Borrow's description of himself in 1823, at the age of twenty, and it contains nearly all the characteristics of that most fascinating figure, the hero of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. In addition, he possessed (to use his own expression) “ the health of an elephant ” ; he was a strong swimmer, had an instinctive knowledge of horses, and could ride anything, and, above all, he knew thoroughly the ways and language of the gypsies, by which most exclusive race he was admitted as a brother, and with whom he lived “ in habits of intimacy ” in England, Spain, Russia, Hungary, and Turkey.

Nor had Borrow changed much when in 1832 he was recommended to the British and Foreign Bible Society on account of his extraordinary gift for languages. It was on this occasion that he made his famous walk from Norwich to London, “ a distance of 112 miles, in seven-and-twenty hours. His entire expenses in this expedition amounted to 5½d., the

only refreshments which he took on the road consisting of a pint of ale, a roll of bread, half a pint of milk, and two apples."

Such qualifications are at first sight hardly those of a missionary, and indeed it was with some hesitation that the Bible Society sent him on his first journey. This was to Russia, his task being to print a translation of the New Testament into Manchu-Tartar—a bulky work of 8 quarto volumes. In this he was entirely successful; his employers were satisfied with his work, and, on his return in 1835, were on the point of sending him to China. Borrow studied the language, and thought so much about the country that he seems in after years to have imagined that he had actually been there. But finally it was decided that there was more scope for him in Spain; and to Spain (or rather, in the first place, Portugal) he went in Nov., 1835. Certainly the Bible Society could have found no more suitable agent than the hardy and intrepid *Don Jorge*. The Peninsula was at that time a dangerous place for any foreign traveller, still more for one engaged on such a work as Borrow's. Portugal had not yet recovered from the struggle caused by the Pretender Dom Miguel, while Spain was in the throes of a most blood-thirsty civil war. The position requires a brief review of Spanish history, from the time when Napoleon removed Ferdinand VII. and placed his own brother Joseph on the throne of Spain.

Joseph's reign lasted till 1814, when the English under Wellington drove him out, and, to the extravagant joy of the nation, restored Ferdinand "the Desired." But before this (in 1812) the Liberal Cortes (or Parliament) had drawn up a progressive Constitution, declaring, amongst other doctrines, that "the power of enacting laws is vested in the Cortes with the King"—in other words, a limited monarchy. This Constitution Ferdinand solemnly swore to uphold, but immediately after gaining power he broke all his promises, persecuted Liberals, and reverted to the worst form of

absolutism ; in this he was helped by the populace, who had never trusted the new Constitution, and by the Clerical party. This state of affairs lasted till 1820, when Gen. Riego brought about a Liberal revolution and forced the King again to accept the Constitution. However, Ferdinand's power was fully restored in 1823 by the French under Angoulême, and he ruled as badly as ever.

As Ferdinand had no child, his brother Don Carlos was heir to the throne. He was even more absolutist than the King, and completely in the hands of the Clericals and most violent reactionaries. However, in 1829 Ferdinand married a fourth wife, Christina, and next year a daughter was born to him. He proceeded, quite illegally, to declare the Salic Law void in Spain : the Infanta Isabel was accordingly hailed as heir-apparent—to the natural and justifiable disgust of Don Carlos. In 1833 Ferdinand died ; his daughter was proclaimed Queen Isabel II., with her mother Christina as Regent. Hence arose the Cristinist and Carlist parties, the former standing on the whole for progress—an “enlightened despotism” as they called it ; the latter avowedly for a return to absolutism—their cry being “Death to Liberty !”

Don Carlos, who had quitted Spain, now returned, entering by the Basque provinces, where he found his best supporters. It is impossible here to follow the details of the war, which dragged on, with horrible cruelty on both sides, until the Carlists were finally defeated by Espartero in 1839. The following passage from Borrow's Preface to *The Bible in Spain* will explain sufficiently the general feeling of the peasantry towards the war :

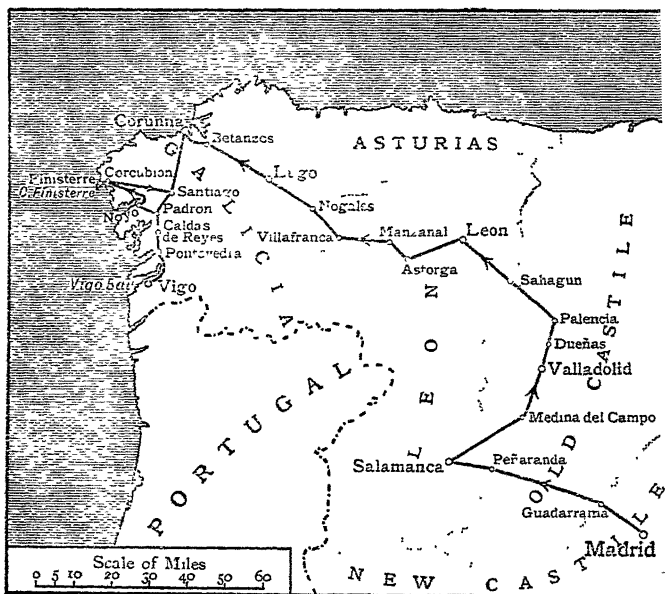
“It is truly surprising what little interest the great body of the Spanish nation took in the last struggle, and yet it has been called, by some who ought to know better, a war of religion and principle. It was generally supposed that Biscay was the stronghold of Carlism, and that the inhabitants were fanatically attached to their religion, which

they apprehended was in danger. The truth is that the Basques cared nothing for Carlos or Rome, and merely took up arms to defend certain rights and privileges of their own. For the dwarfish brother of Ferdinand they always exhibited supreme contempt, which his character, a compound of imbecility, cowardice, and cruelty, well merited. If they made use of his name, it was merely as a *cri de guerre*. Much the same may be said with respect to his Spanish partisans, at least those who appeared in the field for him. These, however, were of a widely different character from the Basques, who were brave soldiers and honest men. The Spanish armies of Don Carlos were composed entirely of thieves and assassins, chiefly Valencians and Manchegans, who, marshalled under two cut-throats, Cabrera and Palillos, took advantage of the distracted state of the country to plunder and massacre the honest part of the community. With respect to the Queen Regent Christina, of whom the less said the better, the reins of government fell into her hands on the decease of her husband, and with them the command of the soldiery. The respectable part of the Spanish nation, and more especially the honourable and toil-worn peasantry, loathed and execrated both factions. Oft when I was sharing at nightfall the frugal fare of the villager of Old or New Castile, on hearing the distant shot of the Christino soldier or Carlist bandit, he would invoke curses on the heads of the two pretenders."

Borrow left the service of the Bible Society in 1840, in not the most friendly circumstances. Next year he published his first book, *The Zincali, or Gypsies of Spain*—to which people he owed on more than one occasion not only comfort but life. The success of this book led to the idea of publishing the reports he had been required to send to the Bible Society; these appeared, with certain additions but very few alterations, as *The Bible in Spain*, 1842. The triumph of this book was immediate, and almost unparalleled. It went through six editions in seven months, besides several

pirated editions in America. The reviews were without exception favourable, and many of them enthusiastic. Borrow became famous in a night: he was the lion of London Society. He breakfasted with ambassadors and princes, lunched with Members of Parliament, and dined with bishops. "On Saturday night," he writes to his wife, "I went to a grand *sourée*, and the people came in throngs to be introduced to me." And with good reason. For apart from the particular interest which *The Bible in Spain* had in the forties, as a book of travel it will always stand alone. Its only English rival, in modern times at least, is Kinglake's *Eothen*; and it is as different from *Eothen* as was "the walking lord of gipsy lore" from the cultured and cynical Etonian.

Amongst the warmest congratulations were those of Richard Ford, who knew more about Spain than any other English writer; and he it was who urged Borrow to write an autobiographical preface to *The Bible in Spain*. This sketch, in the course of nine years, grew into a work of three volumes, *Lavengro, an Autobiography*, as it was originally announced. Its sequel, *The Romany Rye*, did not appear for another six years. In these two books must be sought the real Borrow, and certainly anyone who does not know them has in store some of the most delightful reading in the whole of English literature.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE BORROW'S JOURNEYS

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN

CHAPTER I

VOYAGE TO LISBON

AT the commencement of November, 1836, I again found myself on the salt water, on my way to Spain. I had returned to England for the purpose of consulting with my friends, and for planning the opening of a biblical campaign in Spain. It was now determined by us to print the New Testament, with as little delay as possible, at Madrid, and I was to be entrusted with the somewhat arduous task of its distribution.

I embarked in the Thames, on board the M—— 10 steamer. We had a most unpleasant passage to Falmouth; the ship was crowded with passengers, most of them were poor consumptive individuals, and other invalids fleeing from the cold blasts of England's winter to the sunny shores of Portugal and Madeira. In a more uncomfortable vessel, especially steamship, it has never been my fate to make a voyage. The berths were small and insupportably close, and of these wretched holes mine

was amongst the worst, the rest having been bespoken before I arrived on board; so that to avoid the suffocation which seemed to threaten me should I enter it, I lay upon the floor of one of the cabins throughout the voyage. We remained at Falmouth twenty-four hours, taking in coal, and repairing the engine, which had sustained considerable damage.

On Monday, the 7th, we again started, and made for the Bay of Biscay. The sea was high, and the
10 wind strong and contrary; nevertheless, on the morning of the fourth day, we were in sight of the rocky coast to the north of Cape Finisterre. I must here observe, that this was the first voyage that the captain who commanded the vessel had ever made on board of her, and that he knew little or nothing of the coast towards which we were bearing. He was a person picked up in a hurry, the former captain having resigned his command on the ground that the ship was not seaworthy, and
20 that the engines were frequently unserviceable. I was not acquainted with these circumstances at the time, or perhaps I should have felt more alarmed than I did, when I saw the vessel approaching nearer and nearer the shore, till at last we were only a few hundred yards distant. As it was, however, I felt very much surprised; for having passed it twice before, both times in steam vessels, and having seen with what care the captains endeavoured to maintain a wide offing, I could not conceive the
30 reason of our being now so near this dangerous region. The wind was blowing hard towards the

shore, if that can be called a shore which consists of steep abrupt precipices, on which the surf was breaking with the noise of thunder, tossing up clouds of spray and foam to the height of a cathedral. We coasted slowly along, rounding several tall forelands, some of them piled up by the hand of nature in the most fantastic shapes. About nightfall Cape Finisterre was not far ahead,—a bluff, brown, granite mountain, whose frowning head may be seen far away by those who traverse the ocean. The stream 10 which poured round its breast was terrific, and though our engines plied with all their force, we made little or no way.

By about eight o'clock at night the wind had increased to a hurricane, the thunder rolled frightfully, and the only light which we had to guide us on our way was the red forked lightning, which burst at times from the bosom of the big black clouds which lowered over our heads. We were exerting ourselves to the utmost to weather the cape, which we 20 could descry by the lightning on our lee, its brow being frequently brilliantly lighted up by the flashes which quivered around it, when suddenly, with a great crash, the engine broke, and the paddles, on which depended our lives, ceased to play.

I will not attempt to depict the scene of horror and confusion which ensued; it may be imagined, but never described. The captain, to give him his due, displayed the utmost coolness and intrepidity: he and the whole crew made the greatest exertions 30 to repair the engine, and when they found their

labour in vain, endeavoured, by hoisting the sails, and by practising all possible manœuvres, to preserve the ship from impending destruction; but all was of no avail, we were hard on a lee shore, to which the howling tempest was impelling us. About this time I was standing near the helm, and I asked the steersman if there was any hope of saving the vessel, or our lives. He replied, 'Sir, it is a bad affair, no boat could live for a minute in this sea, 10 and in less than an hour the ship will have her broadside on Finisterre, where the strongest man-of-war ever built must go to shivers instantly—none of us will see the morning.' The captain, likewise, informed the other passengers in the cabin to the same effect, telling them to prepare themselves; and having done so, he ordered the door to be fastened, and none to be permitted to come on deck. I, however, kept my station, though almost drowned with water, immense waves continually breaking 20 over our windward side and flooding the ship. The water casks broke from their lashings, and one of them struck me down, and crushed the foot of the unfortunate man at the helm, whose place was instantly taken by the captain. We were now close to the rocks, when a horrid convulsion of the elements took place. The lightning enveloped us as with a mantle, the thunders were louder than the roar of a million cannon, the dregs of the ocean seemed to be cast up, and in the midst of all this 30 turmoil, the wind, without the slightest intimation, *veered right about*, and pushed us from the horrible

coast faster than it had previously driven us towards it.

The oldest sailors on board acknowledged that they had never witnessed so providential an escape. I said, from the bottom of my heart, 'Our Father—hallowed be Thy name.'

The next day we were near foundering, for the sea was exceedingly high, and our vessel, which was not intended for sailing, laboured terribly, and leaked much. The pumps were continually work-¹⁰ing. She likewise took fire, but the flames were extinguished. In the evening the steam-engine was partially repaired, and we reached Lisbon on the thirteenth, where in a few days we completed our repairs

[From Lisbon Borrow sailed to Cadiz, and thence journeyed through Seville and Cordova to Madrid, which he reached on Christmas Day, 1836. Here he printed an edition of 5,000 copies of the New Testament in Spanish, and, in order to circulate them throughout the remotest parts of Spain, he undertook the following expedition.]

CHAPTER II

SALAMANCA

ABOUT the middle of May (1837) I had got everything in readiness, and I bade farewell to Madrid. Salamanca was the first place which I intended to visit.

Some days previous to my departure I was very much indisposed, owing to the state of the weather, for violent and biting winds had long prevailed. I had been attacked with a severe cold, which terminated in a disagreeable cough, which the many
10 remedies I successively tried seemed unable to subdue. I had made preparations for departing on a particular day, but, owing to the state of my health, I was apprehensive that I should be compelled to defer my journey for a time. The last day of my stay in Madrid, finding myself scarcely able to stand, I was fain to submit to a somewhat desperate experiment, and by the advice of the barber-surgeon who visited me, I determined to be bled. Late on the night of that same day he took from me sixteen ounces of
20 blood, and having received his fee left me, wishing me a pleasant journey, and assuring me, upon his reputation, that by noon the next day I should be perfectly recovered.

The next day verified the prediction of the Spanish surgeon ; I had to a considerable degree lost my cough and fever, though, owing to the loss of blood, I was somewhat feeble. Precisely at twelve o'clock the horses were led forth before the door of my lodging in the Calle de Santiago, and I prepared to mount ; but my black *entero* of Andalusia would not permit me to approach his side, and whenever I made the attempt, commenced wheeling round with great rapidity.

' *C'est un mauvais signe, mon maître,*' said Antonio, ¹⁰ who, dressed in a green jerkin, a Montero cap, and booted and spurred, stood ready to attend me, holding by the bridle the horse which I had purchased from the *contrabandista*. 'It is a bad sign, and in my country they would defer the journey till to-morrow.'

'Are there whisperers in your country ?' I demanded ; and taking the horse by the mane, I performed the ceremony after the most approved fashion ; the animal stood still, and I mounted the saddle, exclaiming,— 20

'The Rommany Chal to his horse did cry,
As he placed the bit in his horse's jaw ;
Kosko gry ! Rommany gry !
Muk man kistur tute knaw.'

We then rode forth from Madrid by the gate of San Vincente, directing our course to the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile. That night we rested at Guadarama, a large village at their foot, distant from Madrid about seven leagues. Rising early on the following morning, we ascended ³⁰ the pass and entered into Old Castile.

After crossing the mountains, the route to Salamanca lies almost entirely over sandy and arid plains, interspersed here and there with thin and scanty groves of pine. No adventure worth relating occurred during this journey. We sold a few Testaments in the villages through which we passed, more especially at Peñaranda. About noon of the third day, on reaching the brow of a hillock, we saw a huge dome before us, upon which the fierce rays
10 of the sun striking, produced the appearance of burnished gold. It belonged to the cathedral of Salamanca, and we flattered ourselves that we were already at our journey's end; we were deceived, however, being still four leagues distant from the town, whose churches and convents, towering up in gigantic masses, can be distinguished at an immense distance, flattering the traveller with an idea of propinquity which does not in reality exist. It was not
till long after nightfall that we arrived at the citygate,
20 which we found closed and guarded, in apprehension of a Carlist attack; and having obtained admission with some difficulty, we led our horses along dark, silent, and deserted streets, till we found an individual who directed us to a large, gloomy, and comfortless *posada*, that of the Bull, which we, however, subsequently found was the best which the town afforded.

A melancholy town is Salamanca; the days of its collegiate glory are long since past by, never more
30 to return: a circumstance, however, which is little to be regretted; for what benefit did the world ever

derive from scholastic philosophy? And for that alone was Salamanca ever famous. Its halls are now almost silent, and grass is growing in its courts, which were once daily thronged by at least eight thousand students; a number to which, at the present day, the entire population of the city does not amount. Yet, with all its melancholy, what an interesting, nay, what a magnificent place is Salamanca! How glorious are its churches, how stupendous are its deserted convents, and with what sublime but sullen grandeur do its huge and crumbling walls, which crown the precipitous bank of the Tormes, look down upon the lovely river and its venerable bridge.

What a pity that, of the many rivers of Spain, scarcely one is navigable. The beautiful but shallow Tormes, instead of proving a source of blessing and wealth to this part of Castile, is of no further utility than to turn the wheels of various small water-mills, standing upon weirs of stone, which at certain distances traverse the river.

The *posada* where I had put up was a good specimen of the old Spanish inn, being much the same as those described in the time of Philip the Third or Fourth. The rooms were many and large, floored with either brick or stone, generally with an alcove at the end, in which stood a wretched flock bed. Behind the house was a court, and in the rear of this a stable, full of horses, ponies, mules, *machos*, and donkeys, for there was no lack of guests, who, however, for the most part, slept in the stable with their

caballerias, being either *arrieros* or small peddling merchants who travelled the country with coarse cloth or linen. Opposite to my room in the corridor lodged a wounded officer, who had just arrived from San Sebastian on a galled, broken-kneed pony: he was an Estrimenian, and was returning to his own village to be cured. He was attended by three broken soldiers, lame or maimed, and unfit for service: they told me that they were of the same
10 village as his worship, and on that account he permitted them to travel with him. They slept amongst the litter, and throughout the day lounged about the house smoking paper cigars. I never saw them eating, though they frequently went to a dark cool corner, where stood a *bota* or kind of water pitcher, which they held about six inches from their black filmy lips, permitting the liquid to trickle down their throats. They said they had no pay, and were quite destitute of money, that *su merced* the
20 officer occasionally gave them a piece of bread, but that he himself was poor, and had only a few dollars. Brave guest for an inn, thought I; yet, to the honour of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn, the poor man is never spurned from the door, and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and his mother. This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and
30 prejudices of Spain; I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her

history; but I will say for the Spaniards, that in their social intercourse no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow-beings. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt, and I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolised. In Spain the very beggar does not feel himself a degraded being, for he kisses no one's feet, 10 and knows not what it is to be cuffed or spitten upon; and in Spain the duke or the marquis can scarcely entertain a very over-weening opinion of his own consequence, as he finds no one, with perhaps the exception of his French valet, to fawn upon or flatter him.

CHAPTER III

VALLADOLID

ON Saturday, the 10th of June, I left Salamanca for Valladolid. We reached Pedroso shortly before nightfall. It was a small village containing about thirty houses, and intersected by a rivulet, or as it is called a *regata*. On its banks women and maidens were washing their linen and singing couplets; the church stood lone and solitary on the farther side. We inquired for the *posada*, and were shown a cottage differing nothing from the rest in general
10 appearance. We called at the door in vain, as it is not the custom of Castile for the people of these halting places to go out to welcome their visitors: at last we dismounted and entered the house, demanding of a sullen-looking woman where we were to place the horses. She said there was a stable within the house, but we could not put the animals there as it contained *malos machos* belonging to two travellers, who would certainly fight with our horses, and then there would be a *funcion*, which would tear
20 the house down. She then pointed to an outhouse across the way, saying that we could stable them there. We entered this place, which we found full

of filth and swine, with a door without a lock. I was unwilling to trust the horses in such a place, abandoning them to the mercy of any robber in the neighbourhood. I therefore entered the house, and said resolutely, that I was resolved to place them in the stable. Two men were squatted on the ground, with an immense bowl of stewed hare before them, on which they were supping; these were the travelling merchants, the masters of the mutes. I passed on to the stable, one of the men saying 10 softly, 'Yes, yes, go in and see what will befall.' I had no sooner entered the stable than I heard a horrid discordant cry, something between a bray and a yell, and the largest of the *machos*, tearing his head from the manger to which he was fastened, his eyes shooting flames, and breathing a whirlwind from his nostrils, flung himself on my stallion. The horse, as savage as himself, reared on his hind legs, and after the fashion of an English pugilist, repaid the other with a pat on the forehead, which nearly felled 20 him. A combat instantly ensued, and I thought that the words of the sullen woman would be verified by the house being torn to pieces. It ended by my seizing the mute by the halter, at the risk of my limbs, and hanging upon him with all my weight, whilst Antonio, with much difficulty, removed the horse. The man who had been standing at the entrance now came forward, saying, 'This would not have happened if you had taken good advice.' Upon my stating to him the unreasonableness of expecting 30 that I would risk horses in a place where they would

probably be stolen before the morning, he replied, 'True, true, you have perhaps done right.' He then refastened his *macho*, adding for additional security a piece of whipcord, which he said rendered escape impossible.

The day was exceedingly hot, and we wended our way slowly along the plains of Old Castile. With all that pertains to Spain, vastness and sublimity are associated: grand are its mountains, and no less
10 grand are its plains, which seem of boundless extent, but which are not tame unbroken flats, like the steppes of Russia. Rough and uneven ground is continually occurring: here a deep ravine and gully worn by the wintry torrent; yonder an eminence, not unfrequently craggy and savage, at whose top appears the lone solitary village. There is little that is blithesome and cheerful, but much that is melancholy. A few solitary rustics are occasionally seen toiling in the fields—fields without limit or
20 boundary, where the green oak, the elm, or the ash are unknown; where only the sad and desolate pine displays its pyramid-like form, and where no grass is to be found. And who are the travellers of these districts? For the most part *arrieros*, with their long trains of mules hung with monotonous tinkling bells. Behold them with their brown faces, brown dresses, and broad slouched hats;—the *arrieros*, the true lords of the roads of Spain, and to whom more respect is paid in these dusty ways than to dukes
30 and *condes*;—the *arrieros*, sullen, proud, and rarely courteous, whose deep voices may be sometimes heard

at the distance of a mile, either cheering the sluggish animals, or shortening the dreary way with savage and dissonant songs.

Late in the afternoon we reached Medina del Campo, formerly one of the principal cities of Spain, though at present an inconsiderable place. Immense ruins surround it in every direction, attesting the former grandeur of this 'city of the plain.' The great square or market-place is a remarkable spot, surrounded by a heavy, massive *piazza*, over which ¹⁰ rise black buildings of great antiquity. We found the town crowded with people awaiting the fair, which was to be held in a day or two. We experienced some difficulty in obtaining admission into the *posada*, which was chiefly occupied by Catalans from Valladolid. These people not only brought with them their merchandise but their wives and children.

We spent the night at Medina, and departing early next morning, passed through much the same ²⁰ country as the day before, until about noon we reached a small *venta*, distant half-a-league from the Duero; here we reposed ourselves during the heat of the day, and then remounting crossed the river by a handsome stone bridge, and directed our course to Valladolid. The banks of the Duero in this place have much beauty: they abound with trees and brushwood, amongst which, as we passed along, various birds were singing melodiously. A delicious coolness proceeded from the water, which in some ³⁰ parts brawled over stones or rippled fleetly over

white sand, and in others glided softly over blue pools of considerable depth.

Valladolid is seated in the midst of an immense valley, or rather hollow, which seems to have been scooped by some mighty convulsion out of the plain ground of Castile. The eminences which appear in the neighbourhood are not properly high grounds, but are rather the sides of this hollow. They are jagged and precipitous, and exhibit a strange and uncouth appearance. Volcanic force seems at some distant period to have been busy in these districts. Valladolid abounds with convents, at present deserted, which afford some of the finest specimens of architecture in Spain. The principal church, though rather ancient, is unfinished; it was intended to be a building of vast size, but the means of the founders were insufficient to carry out their plan: it is built of rough granite. Valladolid is a manufacturing town, but the commerce is chiefly in the hands of the Catalans, of whom there is a colony of nearly three hundred established here. It possesses a beautiful *alameda*, or public walk, through which flows the river Escurva. The population is said to amount to sixty thousand souls.

We put up at the Posada de las Diligencias, a very magnificent edifice: this *posada*, however, we were glad to quit on the second day after our arrival, the accommodation being of the most wretched description, and the incivility of the people great; the master of the house, an immense tall fellow, with huge moustaches and an assumed military air, being

far too high a cavalier to attend to the wants of his guests, with whom, it is true, he did not appear to be overburdened, as I saw no one but Antonio and myself. He was a leading man amongst the national guards of Valladolid, and delighted in parading about the city on a clumsy steed, which he kept in a subterranean stable.

Our next quarters were at the Trojan Horse, an ancient *posada*, kept by a native of the Basque provinces, who at least was not above his business. We ¹⁰ found everything in confusion at Valladolid, a visit from the factious being speedily expected. All the gates were blockaded, and various forts had been built to cover the approaches to the city. Shortly after our departure the Carlists actually did arrive, under the command of the Biscayan chief, Zariategui. They experienced no opposition; the staunchest nationals retiring to the principal fort, which they, however, speedily surrendered, not a gun being fired throughout the affair. As for my friend the hero ²⁰ of the inn, on the first rumour of the approach of the enemy, he mounted his horse and rode off, and was never subsequently heard of. On our return to Valladolid, we found the inn in other and better hands, those of a Frenchman from Bayonne, from whom we received as much civility as we had experienced rudeness from his predecessor.

CHAPTER IV

CHILDREN OF EGYPT

AFTER a sojourn of about ten days at Valladolid, we directed our course towards Leon. We arrived about noon at Dueñas, a town at the distance of six short leagues from Valladolid. It is in every respect a singular place: it stands on a rising ground, and directly above it towers a deep conical mountain of calcareous earth, crowned by a ruined castle. Around Dueñas are seen a multitude of caves scooped in the high banks and secured with
10 strong doors. These are cellars, in which is deposited the wine, of which abundance is grown in the neighbourhood, and which is chiefly sold to the Navarrese and the mountaineers of Santander, who arrive in cars drawn by oxen, and convey it away in large quantities. We put up at a mean *posada* in the suburb for the purpose of refreshing our horses. Several cavalry soldiers were quartered there, who instantly came forth, and began, with the eyes of connoisseurs, to inspect my Andalusian
20 *entero*. 'A capital horse that would be for our troop,' said the corporal; 'what a chest he has. By what right do you travel with that horse, *Señor*,

when so many are wanted for the Queen's service? He belongs to the *requiso*.' 'I travel with him by right of purchase, and being an Englishman,' I replied. 'Oh, your worship is an Englishman,' answered the corporal, 'that, indeed, alters the matter, the English in Spain are allowed to do what they please with their own, which is more than the Spaniards are. Cavalier, I have seen your countrymen in the Basque provinces; *Vaya*, what riders! what horses! They do not fight badly 10 either. But their chief skill is in riding: I have seen them dash over *barrancos* to get at the factious, who thought themselves quite secure, and then they would fall upon them on a sudden and kill them to a man. In truth, your worship, this is a fine horse, I must look at his teeth.'

I looked at the corporal—his nose and eyes were in the horse's mouth: the rest of the party, who might amount to six or seven, were not less busily engaged. One was examining his fore feet, another 20 his hind; one fellow was pulling at his tail with all his might, while another pinched the wind-pipe, for the purpose of discovering whether the animal was at all touched there. At last perceiving that the corporal was about to remove the saddle that he might examine the back of the animal, I exclaimed,—

'Stay, ye *chabés* of Egypt, ye forget that ye are *hundunares*, and are no longer *paraguing grastes* in the *chardy*.'

The corporal at these words turned his face full 30 upon me, and so did all the rest. Yes, sure

enough, there were the countenances of Egypt, and the fixed filmy stare of the eye. We continued looking at each other for a minute at least, when the corporal, a villainous-looking fellow, at last said, in the richest gipsy whine imaginable, 'The *erray* knows us, the poor *Caloré*! And he an Englishman! I should not have thought that there was e'er a *Busno* would know us in these parts, where *Gitanos* are never seen. Yes, your worship
10 is right; we are all here of the blood of the *Caloré*; we are from *Melegрана*, your worship; they took us from thence and sent us to the wars. Your worship is right, the sight of that horse made us believe we were at home again in the *mercado* of Granada; he is a countryman of ours, a real *Andalou*. *Por dios*, your worship, sell us that horse; we are poor *Caloré*, but we can buy him.'

'You forget that you are soldiers,' said I. 'How should you buy my horse?'

20 'We are soldiers, your worship,' said the corporal, 'but we are still *Caloré*; we buy and sell *bestis*; the captain of our troop is in league with us. We have been to the wars, but not to fight; we left that to the *Busné*. We have kept together, and like true *Caloré*, have stood back to back. We have made money in the wars, your worship. *No tenga usted cuidado*. We can buy your horse.'

Here he pulled out a purse, which contained at least ten ounces of gold.

30 'If I were willing to sell,' I replied, 'what would you give me for that horse?'

'Then your worship wishes to sell your horse—that alters the matter. We will give ten dollars for your worship's horse. He is good for nothing.'

'How is this?' said I. 'You this moment told me he was a fine horse—an Andalusian, and a countryman of yours.'

'No, *Señor*! we did not say that he was an *Andalou*. We said he was an *Estremou*, and the worst of his kind. He is eighteen years old, your worship, short-winded and galled.'

'I do not wish to sell my horse,' said I; 'quite the contrary, I had rather buy than sell.'

'Your worship does not wish to sell his horse,' said the gipsy. 'Stay, your worship, we will give sixty dollars for your worship's horse.'

'I would not sell him for two hundred and sixty. *Meclis! Meclis!* say no more. I know your gipsy tricks. I will have no dealings with you.'

'Did I not hear your worship say that you wished to buy a horse?' said the gipsy.

'I do not want to buy a horse,' said I; 'if I need anything, it is a pony to carry our baggage; but it is getting late. Antonio, pay the reckoning.'

'Stay, your worship, do not be in a hurry,' said the gipsy; 'I have got the very pony which will suit you.'

Without waiting for my answer, he hurried into the stable, from whence he presently returned, leading an animal by a halter. It was a pony of 30 about thirteen hands high, of a dark red colour;

it was very much galled all over, the marks of ropes and thongs being visible on its hide. The figure, however, was good, and there was an extraordinary brightness in its eye.

‘There, your worship,’ said the gipsy; ‘there is the best pony in all Spain.’

‘What do you mean by showing me this wretched creature?’ said I.

‘This wretched creature,’ said the gipsy, ‘is a
10 better horse than your *Andalou*!’

‘Perhaps you would not exchange,’ said I, smiling.

‘*Señor*, what I say is, that he shall run with your *Andalou*, and beat him!’

‘He looks feeble,’ said I; ‘his work is well nigh done.’

‘Feeble as he is, *Señor*, you could not manage him; no, nor any Englishman in Spain.’

I looked at the creature again, and was still more struck with its figure. I was in need of a
20 pony to relieve occasionally the horse of Antonio in carrying the baggage which we had brought from Madrid, and though the condition of this was wretched, I thought that by kind treatment I might possibly soon bring him round.

‘May I mount this animal?’ I demanded.

‘He is a baggage pony, *Señor*, and is ill to mount. He will suffer none but myself to mount him, who am his master. When he once commences running, nothing will stop him but the sea. He
30 springs over hills and mountains, and leaves them behind in a moment. If you will mount him,

Señor, suffer me to fetch a bridle, for you can never hold him in with the halter.'

'This is nonsense,' said I. 'You pretend that he is spirited in order to enhance the price. I tell you his work is done.'

I took the halter in my hand and mounted. I was no sooner on his back than the creature, who had before stood stone still, without displaying the slightest inclination to move, and who in fact gave no farther indication of existence than occasionally 10 rolling his eyes and picking up an ear, sprang forward like a racehorse, at a most desperate gallop. I had expected that he might kick or fling himself down on the ground, in order to get rid of his burden, but for this escapade I was quite unprepared. I had no difficulty, however, in keeping on his back, having been accustomed from my childhood to ride without a saddle. To stop him, however, baffled all my endeavours, and I almost began to pay credit to the words of the gipsy, who had said that he would 20 run on until he reached the sea. I had, however, a strong arm, and tugged at the halter until I compelled him to turn slightly his neck, which from its stiffness might almost have been of wood; he, however, did not abate his speed for a moment. On the left side of the road down which he dashed was a deep trench, just where the road took a turn towards the right, and over this he sprang in a sideward direction, the halter broke with the effort, the pony shot forward like an arrow, whilst I fell 30 back into the dust.

‘*Señor*,’ said the gipsy, coming up with the most serious countenance in the world, ‘I told you not to mount that animal unless well bridled and bitted. He is a baggage pony, and will suffer none to mount his back, with the exception of myself, who feed him.’ (Here he whistled, and the animal, who was scurrying over the field, and occasionally kicking up his heels, instantly returned with a gentle neigh.) ‘Now, your worship, see how gentle
10 he is. He is a capital baggage pony, and will carry all you have over the hills of Galicia.’

‘What do you ask for him?’ said I.

‘*Señor*, as your worship is an Englishman, and a good *ginete*, and, moreover, understands the ways of the *Caloré*, and their tricks and their language also, I will sell him to you a bargain. I will take two hundred and sixty dollars for him and no less.’

‘That is a large sum,’ said I.

‘No, *Señor*, not at all, considering that he is
20 a baggage pony, and belongs to the troop, and is not mine to sell.’

CHAPTER V

LEON AND ASTORGA

THERE is nothing remarkable in Leon, which is an old gloomy town, with the exception of its cathedral, in many respects a counterpart of the church of Palencia, exhibiting the same light and elegant architecture, but, unlike its beautiful sister, unadorned with splendid paintings. The situation of Leon is highly pleasant, in the midst of a blooming country abounding with trees, and watered by many streams, which have their source in the mighty mountains in the neighbourhood. It is, ¹⁰ however, by no means a healthy place, especially in summer, when the heats raise noxious exhalations from the waters, generating many kinds of disorders, especially fevers.

I had scarcely been at Leon three days when I was seized with a fever, against which I thought the strength even of my constitution would have yielded, for it wore me almost to a skeleton, and when it departed, at the end of about a week, left me in such a deplorable state of weakness that I ²⁰ was scarcely able to make the slightest exertion. I had, however, previously persuaded a bookseller

to undertake the charge of vending the Testaments, and had published my advertisements as usual, though without very sanguine hope of success, as Leon is a place where the inhabitants, with very few exceptions, are furious Carlists, and ignorant and blinded followers of the old papal Church. It is, moreover, a bishop's see, which was once enjoyed by the prime counsellor of Don Carlos, whose fierce and bigoted spirit still seems to pervade the place.

10 Scarcely had the advertisements appeared, when the clergy were in motion. They went from house to house, banning and cursing, and denouncing misery to whomsoever should either purchase or read 'the accursed books,' which had been sent into the country by heretics for the purpose of perverting the innocent minds of the population. They did more: they commenced a process against the book-seller in the ecclesiastical court. Fortunately this court is not at present in possession of much
20 authority, and the bookseller, a bold and determined man, set them at defiance, and went so far as to affix an advertisement to the gate of the very cathedral. Notwithstanding the cry raised against the book, several copies were sold at Leon: two were purchased by ex-friars, and the same number by parochial priests from neighbouring villages. I believe the whole number disposed of during my stay amounted to fifteen; so that my visit to this dark corner was not altogether in vain, as the seed
30 of the gospel has been sown, though sparingly.

I had scarcely risen from my bed where the

fever had cast me, when I found that Antonio had become alarmed. He informed me that he had seen several soldiers in the uniform of Don Carlos lurking at the door of the *posadu*, and that they had been making inquiries concerning me.

It was indeed a singular fact connected with Leon, that upwards of fifty of these fellows, who had on various accounts left the ranks of the Pretender, were walking about the streets dressed in his livery, and with all the confidence which the 10 certainty of protection from the local authorities could afford them should any one be disposed to interrupt them.

I learned moreover from Antonio, that the person in whose house we were living was a notorious *alcahuete*, or spy to the robbers in the neighbourhood, and that unless we took our departure speedily and unexpectedly, we should to a certainty be plundered on the road. I did not pay much attention to these hints, but my desire to quit 20 Leon was great, as I was convinced that as long as I continued there I should be unable to regain my health and vigour.

Accordingly, at three in the morning, we departed for Galicia. We had scarcely proceeded half-a-league when we were overtaken by a thunder-storm of tremendous violence. We were at that time in the midst of a wood which extends to some distance in the direction in which we were going. The trees were bowed almost to the ground by the wind or 30 torn up by the roots, whilst the earth was ploughed

up by the lightning, which burst all around and nearly blinded us. The spirited Andalusian on which I rode became furious, and bounded into the air as if possessed. Owing to my state of weakness, I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining my seat, and avoiding a fall which might have been fatal. A tremendous discharge of rain followed the storm, which swelled the brooks and streams, and flooded the surrounding country, causing much damage
10 amongst the corn. After riding about five leagues, we began to enter the mountainous district which surrounds Astorga: the heat now became almost suffocating, swarms of flies began to make their appearance, and settling down upon the horses, stung them almost to madness, whilst the road was very flinty and trying. It was with great difficulty that we reached Astorga, covered with mud and dust, our tongues cleaving to our palates with thirst.

20 We went to a *posada* in the suburbs, the only one, indeed, which the place afforded. The courtyard was full of *arrieros* and carriers, brawling loudly; the master of the house was fighting with two of his customers, and universal confusion reigned around. As I dismounted I received the contents of a wine-glass in my face, of which greeting, as it was probably intended for another, I took no notice. Antonio, however, was not so patient, for on being struck with a cudgel, he
30 instantly returned the salute with his whip, scaring the countenance of a carman. In my en-

deavours to separate these two antagonists, my horse broke loose, and rushing amongst the promiscuous crowd, overturned several individuals and committed no little damage. It was a long time before peace was restored: at last we were shown to a tolerably decent chamber. We had, however, no sooner taken possession of it, than the waggon from Madrid arrived on its way to Coruña, filled with dusty travellers, consisting of women, children, invalid officers, and the like. We were now forth- 10 with dislodged, and our baggage flung into the yard. On our complaining of this treatment, we were told that we were two vagabonds whom nobody knew; who had come without an *arriero*, and had already set the whole house in confusion. As a great favour, however, we were at length permitted to take up our abode in a ruinous building down the yard, adjoining the stable, and filled with rats and vermin. Here there was an old bed with a tester, and with this wretched accommodation we were glad to content 20 ourselves, for I could proceed no farther, and was burnt with fever. The heat of the place was intolerable, and I sat on the staircase with my head between my hands, gasping for breath: soon appeared Antonio with vinegar and water, which I drank and felt relieved.

We continued in this suburb three days, during the greatest part of which time I was stretched on the tester bed. I once or twice contrived to make my way into the town, but found no bookseller, 30 nor any person willing to undertake the charge of

disposing of my Testaments. The people were brutal, stupid, and uncivil, and I returned to my tester bed fatigued and dispirited. Here I lay listening from time to time to the sweet chimes which rang from the clock of the old cathedral. The master of the house never came near me, nor, indeed, once inquired about me. Beneath the care of Antonio, however, I speedily waxed stronger. ‘*Mon mattre,*’ said he to me one evening, ‘I see you are better; let us
10 quit this bad town and worse *posada* to-morrow morning. *Allons, mon mattre! Il est temps de nous mettre en chemin pour Lugo et Galice.*’

CHAPTER VI

THE APPROACH TO GALICIA

It was four o'clock of a beautiful morning when we sailed from Astorga. We shortly after arrived at Manzanal, a village consisting of wretched huts, and exhibiting every sign of poverty and misery. It was now time to refresh ourselves and horses, and we accordingly put up at a *venta*, the last habitation in the village, where, though we found barley for the animals, we had much difficulty in procuring anything for ourselves. I was at length fortunate enough to obtain a large jug of milk, for ¹⁰ there were plenty of cows in the neighbourhood, feeding in a picturesque valley which we had passed by, where was abundance of grass and trees, and a rivulet broken by tiny cascades. The jug might contain about half-a-gallon, but I emptied it in a few minutes, for the thirst of fever was still burning within me, though I was destitute of appetite. The *venta* had something the appearance of a German baiting-house. It consisted of an immense stable, from which was partitioned a ²⁰ kind of kitchen and a place where the family slept.

Quitting Manzanal, we continued our course. We

soon arrived at the verge of a deep valley amongst mountains, not those of the chain which we had seen before us, and which we now left to the right, but those of the Telleno range, just before they unite with that chain. Round the sides of this valley, which exhibited something of the appearance of a horseshoe, wound the road in a circuitous manner; just before us, however, and diverging from the road, lay a footpath which seemed, by a
10 gradual descent, to lead across the valley, and to rejoin the road on the other side, at the distance of about a furlong; and into this we struck in order to avoid the circuit.

We had not gone far before we met two Galicians, on their way to cut the harvests at Castile. One of them shouted, 'Cavalier, turn back; in a moment you will be amongst precipices, where your horses will break their necks, for we ourselves could scarcely climb them on foot.' The other cried.
20 'Cavalier, proceed, but be careful, and your horses, if sure-footed, will run no great danger: my comrade is a fool' A violent dispute instantly ensued between the two mountaineers, each supporting his opinion with loud oaths and curses; but without stopping to see the result, I passed on, but the path was now filled with stones and huge slaty rocks, on which my horse was continually slipping. I likewise heard the sound of water in a deep gorge, which I had hitherto not perceived, and I soon saw that it
30 would be worse than madness to proceed. I turned my horse, and was hastening to regain the path

which I had left, when Antonio, my faithful Greek, pointed out to me a meadow by which, he said, we might regain the high road much lower down than if we returned on our steps. The meadow was brilliant with short green grass, and in the middle there was a small rivulet of water. I spurred my horse on, expecting to be in the high road in a moment; the horse, however, snorted and stared wildly, and was evidently unwilling to cross the seemingly inviting spot. I thought that the scent ¹⁰ of a wolf, or some other wild animal might have disturbed him, but was soon undeceived by his sinking up to the knees in a bog. The animal uttered a shrill sharp neigh, and exhibited every sign of the greatest terror, making at the same time great efforts to extricate himself, and plunging forward, but every moment sinking deeper. At last he arrived where a small vein of rock showed itself: on this he placed his fore feet, and with one tremendous exertion freed himself from the deceitful ²⁰ soil, springing over the rivulet and alighting on comparatively firm ground, where he stood panting, his heaving sides covered with a foamy sweat. Antonio, who had observed the whole scene, afraid to venture forward, returned by the path by which we came, and shortly afterwards rejoined me. This adventure brought to my recollection the meadow with its footpath which tempted Christian from the straight road to heaven, and finally conducted him to the dominions of the Giant Despair. ³⁰

We now began to descend the valley by a broad
w.s. c

and excellent *carretera* or carriage road, which was cut out of the steep side of the mountain on our right. On our left was the gorge, down which tumbled the runnel of water which I have before mentioned. The road was tortuous, and at every turn the scene became more picturesque. The gorge gradually widened, and the brook at its bottom, fed by a multitude of springs, increased in volume and in sound, but it was soon far beneath us, pursuing
10 its headlong course till it reached level ground, where it flowed in the midst of a beautiful but confined prairie. There was something sylvan and savage in the mountains on the farther side, clad from foot to pinnacle with trees, so closely growing that the eye was unable to obtain a glimpse of the hillsides, which were uneven with ravines and gulleys, the haunts of the wolf, the wild boar, and the *corso*, or mountain-stag; the latter of which, as I was in-
formed by a peasant who was driving a car of oxen,
20 frequently descended to feed in the prairie, and were there shot for the sake of their skins, for the flesh, being strong and disagreeable, is held in no account.

But notwithstanding the wildness of these regions, the handiworks of man were visible. The sides of the gorge, though precipitous, were yellow with little fields of barley, and we saw a hamlet and church down in the prairie below, whilst merry songs ascended to our ears from where the mowers were toiling with their scythes, cutting the luxuriant and
30 abundant grass. I could scarcely believe that I was in Spain, in general so brown, so arid, and cheerless,

and I almost fancied myself in Greece, in that land of ancient glory, whose mountain and forest scenery Theocritus has so well described.

At the bottom of the valley we entered a small village, washed by the brook, which had now swelled almost to a stream. A more romantic situation I had never witnessed. It was surrounded, and almost overhung, by mountains, and embowered in trees of various kinds; waters sounded, nightingales sang, and the cuckoo's full note boomed from 10 the distant branches, but the village was miserable. The huts were built of slate stones, of which the neighbouring hills seemed to be principally composed, and roofed with the same, but not in the neat tidy manner of English houses, for the slates were of all sizes, and seemed to be flung on in confusion. We were spent with heat and thirst, and sitting down on a stone bench, I entreated a woman to give me a little water. The woman said she would, but added that she expected to be paid for it. Antonio, 20 on hearing this, became highly incensed, and speaking Greek, Turkish, and Spanish, invoked the vengeance of the *Panhagia* on the heartless woman, saying, 'If I were to offer a Mahometan gold for a draught of water he would dash it in my face, and you are a Catholic, with the stream running at your door.' I told him to be silent, and giving the woman two *cuartos*, repeated my request, whereupon she took a pitcher, and going to the stream filled it with water. It tasted muddy and disagreeable, but 30 it drowned the fever which was devouring me.

We again remounted and proceeded on our way, which, for a considerable distance, lay along the margin of the stream, which now fell in small cataracts, now brawled over stones, and at other times ran dark and silent through deep pools overhung with tall willows,—pools which seemed to abound with the finny tribe, for large trout frequently sprang from the water, catching the brilliant fly which skimmed along its deceitful surface. The scene was delightful. The sun was rolling high in the firmament, casting from its orb of fire the most glorious rays, so that the atmosphere was flickering with their splendour, but their fierceness was either warded off by the shadow of the trees or rendered innocuous by the refreshing coolness which rose from the waters, or by the gentle breezes which murmured at intervals over the meadows, ‘fanning the cheek or raising the hair’ of the wanderer. The hills gradually receded, till at last we entered a plain where tall grass was waving, and mighty chestnut trees, in full blossom, spread out their giant and umbrageous boughs. Beneath many stood cars, the tired oxen prostrate on the ground, the cross-bar of the pole which they support pressing heavily on their heads, whilst their drivers were either employed in cooking, or were enjoying a delicious *siesta* in the grass and shade.

Perhaps the whole world might be searched in vain for a spot whose natural charms could rival those of this plain or valley of Bernbibre, as it is called, with its wall of mighty mountains, its spread-

ing chestnut trees, and its groves of oaks and willows, which clothe the banks of its stream, a tributary to the Minho. True it is, that when I passed through it, the candle of heaven was blazing in full splendour, and everything lighted by its rays looked gay, glad, and blessed. Whether it would have filled me with the same feelings of admiration if viewed beneath another sky I will not pretend to determine; but it certainly possesses advantages which at no time could fail to delight, for it exhibits all the peaceful 10 beauties of an English landscape blended with something wild and grand, and I thought within myself, that he must be a restless dissatisfied man, who, born amongst those scenes, would wish to quit them. At the time, I would have desired no better fate than that of a shepherd on the prairies, or a hunter on the hills of Bembibre.

Three hours passed away, and we were in another situation. We had halted and refreshed ourselves and horses at Bembibre, a village of mud and slate, 20 and which possessed little to attract attention: we were now ascending, for the road was over one of the extreme ledges of these frontier hills which I have before so often mentioned, but the aspect of heaven had blackened, clouds were rolling rapidly from the west over the mountains, and a cold wind was moaning dismally. 'There is a storm travelling through the air,' said a peasant, whom we overtook, mounted on a wretched mule; 'and the Asturians had better be on the look-out, for it is speeding in 30 their direction.' He had scarce spoken, when a

light, so vivid and dazzling that it seemed as if the whole lustre of the fiery element were concentrated in it, broke around us, filling the whole atmosphere, and covering rock, tree, and mountain with a glare not to be described. The mule of the peasant tumbled prostrate, while the horse I rode reared himself perpendicularly, and turning round, dashed down the hill at headlong speed, which for some time it was impossible to check. The lightning was
10 followed by a peal almost as terrible, but distant, for it sounded hollow and deep; the hills, however, caught up its voice, seemingly repeating it from summit to summit, till it was lost in interminable space. Other flashes and peals succeeded, but slight in comparison, and a few drops of rain descended. The body of the tempest seemed to be over another region. 'A hundred families are weeping where that bolt fell,' said the peasant when I rejoined him, 'for its blaze has blinded my mule at
20 six leagues' distance.' He was leading the animal by the bridle, as its sight was evidently affected. 'Were the friars still in their nest above there,' he continued, 'I should say that this was their doing, for they are the cause of all the miseries of the land.'

I raised my eyes in the direction in which he pointed. Half-way up the mountain, over whose feet we were wending, jutted forth a black frightful crag, which at an immense altitude overhung the
30 road, and seemed to threaten destruction. It resembled one of those ledges of the rocky mountains

in the picture of the Deluge, up to which the terrified fugitives have scrambled from the eager pursuit of the savage and tremendous billows, and from whence they gaze down in horror, whilst above them rise still higher the giddier heights, to which they seem unable to climb. Built on the very edge of this crag stood an edifice, seemingly devoted to the purposes of religion, as I could discern the spire of a church rearing itself high over wall and roof 'That is the house of the Virgin of the Rocks,' said the peasant, 'and it was lately full of friars, but they have been thrust out, and the only inmates now are owls and ravens.' I replied, that their life in such a bleak exposed abode could not have been very enviable, as in winter they must have incurred great risk of perishing with cold. 'By no means,' said he; 'they had the best of wood for their *braseros* and chimneys, and the best of wine to warm them at their meals, which were not the most sparing. Moreover, they had another convent down in the vale yonder, to which they could retire at their pleasure.' On my asking him the reason of his antipathy to the friars, he replied, that he had been their vassal, and that they had deprived him every year of the flower of what he possessed. Discoursing in this manner, we reached a village just below the convent, where he left me, having first pointed out to me a house of stone, and an image over the door, which, he said, once also belonged to the *canalla* above.

30

The sun was setting fast, and eager to reach

Villafranca, where I had determined on resting, and which was still distant three leagues and a half, I made no halt at this place. The road was now down a rapid and crooked descent, which terminated in a valley, at the bottom of which was a long and narrow bridge, beneath it rolled a river, descending from a wide pass between two mountains, for the chain was here cleft, probably by some convulsion of nature. I looked up the pass, and on the hills
10 on both sides. Far above, on my right, but standing forth bold and clear, and catching the last rays of the sun, was the Convent of the Precipices, whilst directly over against it, on the farther side of the valley, rose the perpendicular side of the rival hill, which, to a considerable extent intercepting the light, flung its black shadow over the upper end of the pass, involving it in mysterious darkness. Emerging from the centre of this gloom, with thundering sound, dashed a river, white with foam,
20 and bearing along with it huge stones and branches of trees, for it was the wild Sil hurrying to the ocean from its cradle in the heart of the Asturian hills, and probably swollen by the recent rains.

Hours again passed away. It was now night, and we were in the midst of woodlands, feeling our way, for the darkness was so great that I could scarcely see the length of a yard before my horse's head. The animal seemed uneasy, and would frequently stop short, prick up his ears, and utter a
30 low mournful whine. Flashes of sheet lightning frequently illumined the black sky, and flung a

momentary glare over our path. No sound interrupted the stillness of the night, except the slow tramp of the horses' hoofs, and occasionally the croaking of frogs from some pool or morass. I now bethought me that I was in Spain, the chosen land of the two fiends, assassination and plunder, and how easily two tired and unarmed wanderers might become their victims.

We at last cleared the woodlands, and after proceeding a short distance, the horse gave a joyous 10 neigh, and broke into a smart trot. A barking of dogs speedily reached my ears, and we seemed to be approaching some town or village. In effect, we were close to Cacabelos, a town about five miles distant from Villafranca.

It was near eleven at night, and I reflected that it would be far more expedient to tarry in this place till the morning than to attempt at present to reach Villafranca, exposing ourselves to all the horrors of darkness in a lonely and unknown road. My mind 20 was soon made up on this point; but I reckoned without my host, for at the first *posada* which I attempted to enter, I was told that we could not be accommodated, and still less our horses, as the stable was full of water. At the second, and there were but two, I was answered from the window by a gruff voice, nearly in the words of the Scripture: 'Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot arise to let you in.' Indeed, we had no particular desire to 30 enter, as it appeared a wretched hovel, though the

poor horses pawed piteously against the door, and seemed to crave admittance.

We had now no choice but to resume our doleful way to Villafranca, which, we were told, was a short league distant, though it proved a league and a half. We found it no easy matter to quit the town, for we were bewildered amongst its labyrinths, and could not find the outlet. A lad about eighteen was, however, persuaded, by the promise of a *peseta*, to
10 guide us: whereupon he led us by many turnings to a bridge, which he told us to cross, and to follow the road, which was that of Villafranca; he then, having received his fee, hastened from us.

We followed his directions, not, however, without a suspicion that he might be deceiving us. The night had settled darker down upon us, so that it was impossible to distinguish any object, however nigh. The lightning had become more faint and rare. We heard the rustling of trees, and occasion-
20 ally the barking of dogs, which last sound, however, soon ceased, and we were in the midst of night and silence. My horse, either from weariness or the badness of the road, frequently stumbled; whereupon I dismounted, and leading him by the bridle, soon left Antonio far in the rear.

I had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, when a circumstance occurred of a character well suited to the time and place.

I was again amidst trees and bushes, when the
30 horse stopping short, nearly pulled me back. I know not how it was, but fear suddenly came over

me, which, though in darkness and in solitude, I had not felt before. I was about to urge the animal forward, when I heard a noise at my right hand, and listened attentively. It seemed to be that of a person or persons forcing their way through branches and brushwood. It soon ceased, and I heard feet on the road. It was the short staggering kind of tread of people carrying a very heavy substance, nearly too much for their strength, and I thought I heard the hurried breathing of men over-fatigued. There 10 was a short pause, during which I conceived they were resting in the middle of the road; then the stamping recommenced, until it reached the other side, when I again heard a similar rustling amidst branches; it continued for some time and died gradually away.

I continued my road, musing on what had just occurred, and forming conjectures as to the cause. The lightning resumed its flashing, and I saw that I was approaching tall black mountains. 20

This nocturnal journey endured so long that I almost lost all hope of reaching the town, and had closed my eyes in a doze, though I still trudged on mechanically, leading the horse. Suddenly a voice at a slight distance before me roared out, '*¡Quien vive!*' for I had at last found my way to Villafranca. It proceeded from the sentry in the suburb, one of those singular half soldiers half *guerillas*, called Miguelets, who are in general employed by the Spanish government to clear the roads of robbers. 30 I gave the usual answer, '*España,*' and went up to

the place where he stood. After a little conversation, I sat down on a stone, awaiting the arrival of Antonio, who was long in making his appearance. On his arrival, I asked if any one had passed him on the road, but he replied that he had seen nothing. The night, or rather the morning, was still very dark, though a small corner of the moon was occasionally visible. On our inquiring the way to the gate, the Miguelet directed us down a street to the
10 left, which we followed. The street was steep, we could see no gate, and our progress was soon stopped by houses and wall. We knocked at the gates of two or three of these houses, (in the upper stories of which lights were burning,) for the purpose of being set right, but we were either disregarded or not heard. A horrid squalling of cats, from the tops of the houses and dark corners, saluted our ears, and I thought of the night arrival of Don Quixote and his squire at Toboso, and their vain search amongst the
20 deserted streets for the palace of Dulcinea. At length we saw light and heard voices in a cottage at the other side of a kind of ditch. Leading the horses over, we called at the door, which was opened by an aged man, who appeared by his dress to be a baker, as indeed he proved, which accounted for his being up at so late an hour. On begging him to show us the way into the town, he led us up a very narrow alley at the end of his cottage, saying that he would likewise conduct us to the *posada*.
30 The alley led directly to what appeared to be the market-place, at a corner house of which our guide

stopped and knocked. After a long pause an upper window was opened, and a female voice demanded who we were. The old man replied, that two travellers had arrived who were in need of lodging. 'I cannot be disturbed at this time of night,' said the woman; 'they will be wanting supper, and there is nothing in the house; they must go elsewhere.' She was going to shut the window, but I cried that we wanted no supper, but merely a resting place for ourselves and horses—that we had come that day 10 from Astorga, and were dying with fatigue. 'Who is that speaking?' cried the woman. 'Surely that is the voice of Gil, the German clock-maker from Pontevedra. Welcome, old companion; you are come at the right time, for my own is out of order. I am sorry I have kept you waiting, but I will admit you in a moment.'

The window was slammed to, presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, a key turned in the lock, and we were admitted.

CHAPTER VII

THE APPROACH TO GALICIA (*continued*)

‘*Ave Maria*,’ said the woman; ‘whom have we here? This is not Gil the clock-maker?’ ‘Whether it be Gil or Juan,’ said I, ‘we are in need of your hospitality, and can pay for it.’ Our first care was to stable the horses, which were much exhausted. We then went in search of some accommodation for ourselves. The house was large and commodious, and having tasted a little water, I stretched myself on the floor of one of the rooms on some mattresses
10 which the woman produced, and in less than a minute was sound asleep.

The sun was shining bright when I awoke. I walked forth into the market-place, which was crowded with people. I looked up, and could see the peaks of tall black mountains peeping over the tops of the houses. The town lay in a deep hollow, and appeared to be surrounded by hills on almost every side. ‘*Quel pays barbare!*’ said Antonio, who now joined me; ‘the farther we go, my master, the
20 wilder everything looks. I am half afraid to venture into Galicia; they tell me that to get to it we must clamber up those hills: the horses will founder.’

Leaving the market-place I ascended the wall of the town, and endeavoured to discover the gate by which we should have entered the preceding night; but I was not more successful in the bright sunshine than in the darkness. The town in the direction of Astorga appeared to be hermetically sealed.

I was eager to enter Galicia, and finding that the horses were to a certain extent recovered from the fatigue of the journey of the preceding day, we again mounted and proceeded on our way. Crossing a 10 bridge, we presently found ourselves in a deep gorge amongst the mountains, down which rushed an impetuous rivulet, overhung by the high road which leads into Galicia. We were in the far-famed pass of Fucebadon.

It is impossible to describe this pass or the circumjacent region, which contains some of the most extraordinary scenery in all Spain; a feeble and imperfect outline is all that I can hope to effect. The traveller who ascends it follows for nearly a 20 league the course of the torrent, whose banks are in some places precipitous, and in others slope down to the waters, and are covered with lofty trees, oaks, poplars, and chestnuts. Small villages are at first continually seen, with low walls, and roofs formed of immense slates, the eaves nearly touching the ground; these hamlets, however, gradually become less frequent as the path grows more steep and narrow, until they finally cease at a short distance before the spot is attained where the rivulet is 30 abandoned, and is no more seen, though its tributaries

- may yet be heard in many a gully, or descried in tiny rills dashing down the steep. Everything here is wild, strange, and beautiful: the hill up which winds the path towers above on the right, whilst on the farther side of a profound ravine rises an immense mountain, to whose extreme altitudes the eye is scarcely able to attain, but the most singular feature of this pass are the hanging fields or meadows which cover its sides. In these, as I
- 10 passed, the grass was growing luxuriantly, and in many the mowers were plying their scythes, though it seemed scarcely possible that their feet could find support on ground so precipitous: above and below were driftways, so small as to seem threads along the mountain side. A car, drawn by oxen, is creeping round you airy eminence, the nearer wheel is actually hanging over the horrid descent; giddiness seizes the brain, and the eye is rapidly withdrawn. A cloud intervenes, and when again you turn to
- 20 watch their progress, the objects of your anxiety have disappeared. Still more narrow becomes the path along which you yourself are toiling, and its turns more frequent. You have already come a distance of two leagues, and still one-third of the ascent remains unsurmounted. You are not yet in Galicia; and you still hear Castilian, coarse and unpolished, it is true, spoken in the miserable cabins placed in the sequestered nooks which you pass by in your route.
- 30 Shortly before we reached the summit of the pass thick mists began to envelop the tops of the hills,

and a drizzling rain descended. 'These mists,' said Antonio, 'are what the Gallegans call *bretima*; and it is said there is never any lack of them in their country.' 'Have you ever visited the country before?' I demanded. '*Non, mon maître*;' but I have frequently lived in houses where the domestics were in part Gallegans, on which account I know not a little of their ways, and even something of their language.' 'Is the opinion which you have formed of them at all in their favour?' I inquired. 10
 'By no means, *mon maître*;' the men in general seem clownish and simple, yet they are capable of deceiving the most clever *filou* of Paris, and as for the women, it is impossible to live in the same house with them, more especially if they are *camareras*, and wait upon the *señora*; they are continually breeding dissensions and disputes in the house, and telling tales of the other domestics. I have already lost two or three excellent situations in Madrid, solely owing to these Gallegan chambermaids. We 20
 have now come to the frontier, *mon maître*, for such I conceive this village to be.'

We entered the village, which stood on the summit of the mountain, and as our horses and ourselves were by this time much fatigued, we looked round for a place in which to obtain refreshment. Close by the gate stood a building which, from the circumstance of a mule or two and a wretched pony standing before it, we concluded was the *posada*, as in effect it proved to be. We entered: several 30
 soldiers were lolling on heaps of coarse hay, with

which the place, which much resembled a stable, was half filled. All were exceedingly ill-looking fellows, and very dirty. They were conversing with each other in a strange sounding dialect, which I supposed to be Gallegan. Scarcely did they perceive us when two or three of them, starting from their couch, ran up to Antonio, whom they welcomed with much affection, calling him *companheiro*. 'How came you to know these men?' I demanded in
10 French. '*Ces messieurs sont presque tous de ma connaissance*,' he replied, '*et, entre nous, ce sont des véritables vauriens*', they are almost all robbers and assassins. That fellow with one eye, who is the corporal, escaped a little time ago from Madrid, more than suspected of being concerned in an affair of poisoning; but he is safe enough here in his own country, and is placed to guard the frontier, as you see; but we must treat them civilly, *mon maître*; we must give them wine, or they will be offended. I know
20 them, *mon maître*—I know them. Here, hostess, bring an *azumbre* of wine.'

Whilst Antonio was engaged in treating his friends, I led the horses to the stable; this was through the house, inn, or whatever it might be called. The stable was a wretched shed, in which the horses sank to their fetlocks in mud and puddle. On inquiring for barley, I was told that I was now in Galicia, where barley was not used for provender, and was very rare. I was offered in lieu of it Indian
30 corn, which, however, the horses ate without hesitation. There was no straw to be had; coarse hay,

half green, being the substitute. By trampling about in the mud of the stable my horse soon lost a shoe, for which I searched in vain. 'Is there a blacksmith in the village?' I demanded of a shock-headed fellow who officiated as ostler.

Ostler.—*Si, Senhor*; but I suppose you have brought horse-shoes with you, or that large beast of yours cannot be shod in this village.

Myself.—What do you mean? Is the blacksmith unequal to his trade? Cannot he put on a horse- 10 shoe?

Ostler.—*Si, Senhor*; he can put on a horse-shoe if you give it him, but there are no horse-shoes in Galicia, at least in these parts.

Myself.—Is it not customary then to shoe the horses in Galicia?

Ostler.—*Senhor*, there are no horses in Galicia, there are only ponies, and those who bring horses to Galicia, and none but madmen ever do, must bring shoes to fit them; only shoes of ponies are to 20 be found here.

Myself.—What do you mean by saying that only madmen bring horses to Galicia?

Ostler.—*Senhor*, no horse can stand the food of Galicia and the mountains of Galicia long, without falling sick: and then if he does not die at once, he will cost you in farriers more than he is worth; besides, a horse is of no use here, and cannot perform amongst the broken ground the tenth part of the service which a little pony mare can. *Senhor*, a 30 man must be mad to bring a horse to Galicia!

‘A strange country this of Galicia,’ said I, and went to consult with Antonio.

It appeared that the information of the ostler was literally true with regard to the horse-shoe; at least the blacksmith of the village, to whom we conducted the animal, confessed his inability to shoe him, having none that would fit his hoof: he said it was very probable that we should be obliged to lead the animal to Lugo, at which, being a cavalry
10 station, we might perhaps find what we wanted. He added, however, that the greatest part of the cavalry soldiers were mounted on the ponies of the country, the mortality amongst the horses brought from the level ground into Galicia being frightful. Lugo was ten leagues distant: there seemed, however, to be no remedy at hand but patience, and, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded, leading our horses by the bridle.

We were now on level ground, being upon the
20 very top of one of the highest mountains in Galicia. This level continued for about a league, when we began to descend. Before we had crossed the plain, which was overgrown with furze and brushwood, we came suddenly upon half-a-dozen fellows armed with muskets and wearing a tattered uniform. We at first supposed them to be banditti: they were, however, only a party of soldiers who had been detached from the station we had just quitted to escort one of the provincial posts or couriers. They were
30 clamorous for cigars, but offered us no farther incivility. Having no cigars to bestow, I gave them

in lieu thereof a small piece of silver. Two of the worst looking were very eager to be permitted to escort us to Nogales, the village where we proposed to spend the night. 'By no means permit them, *mon maître*,' said Antonio, 'they are two famous assassins of my acquaintance; I have known them at Madrid; in the first ravine they will shoot and plunder us.' I therefore civilly declined their offer and departed. 'You seem to be acquainted with all the cut-throats in Galicia,' said I to Antonio, as we 10 descended the hill.

'With respect to those two fellows,' he replied, 'I knew them when I lived as cook in the family of General Q——, who is a Gallegan: they were sworn friends of the *repostero*. All the Gallegans in Madrid know each other, whether high or low makes no difference; there, at least they are all good friends, and assist each other on all imaginable occasions; and if there be a Gallegan domestic in a house, the kitchen is sure to be filled with his 20 countrymen, as the cook frequently knows to his cost, for they generally contrive to eat up any little perquisites which he may have reserved for himself and family.'

Somewhat less than halfway down the mountain we reached a small village. On observing a blacksmith's shop, we stopped, in the faint hope of finding a shoe for the horse, who, for want of one, was rapidly becoming lame. To our great joy we found that the smith was in possession of one single horse- 30 shoe, which some time previously he had found upon

the way. This, after undergoing much hammering and alteration, was pronounced by the Gallegan Vulcan to be capable of serving in lieu of better; whereupon we again mounted, and slowly continued our descent.

Shortly ere sunset we arrived at Nogales, a hamlet situate in a narrow valley at the foot of the mountain, in traversing which we had spent the day. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of this spot, steep hills, thickly clad with groves and forests of chestnuts, surrounded it on every side; the village itself was almost embowered in trees, and close beside it ran a purling brook. Here we found a tolerably large and commodious *posada*.

As the night closed in I retired to bed, where I remained four or five hours, restless and tossing about, the fever of Leon still clinging to my system. It was considerably past midnight when, just as I was sinking into a slumber, I was aroused by a confused noise in the village, and the glare of lights through the lattice of the window of the room where I lay; presently entered Antonio, half-dressed. '*Mon maitre*,' said he, 'the grand post from Madrid to Coruña has just arrived in the village, attended by a considerable escort, and an immense number of travellers. The road they say, between here and Lugo, is infested with robbers and Carlists, who are committing all kinds of atrocities, let us, therefore, avail ourselves of the opportunity, and by midday to-morrow we shall find ourselves safe in Lugo.' On

hearing these words, I instantly sprang out of bed and dressed myself, telling Antonio to prepare the horses with all speed.

We were soon mounted and in the street, amidst a confused throng of men and quadrupeds. The light of a couple of flambeaus, which were borne before the courier, shone on the arms of several soldiers, seemingly drawn up on either side of the road; the darkness, however, prevented me from distinguishing objects very clearly. The courier 10 himself was mounted on a little shaggy pony; before and behind him were two immense portmanteaus, or leather sacks, the ends of which nearly touched the ground. For about a quarter of an hour there was much hubbub, shouting, and trampling, at the end of which period the order was given to proceed. Scarcely had we left the village, when the flambeaus were extinguished, and we were left in almost total darkness; for some time we were amongst woods and trees, as was evident from the rustling of leaves 20 on every side. My horse was very uneasy and neighed fearfully, occasionally raising himself bolt upright. 'If your horse is not more quiet, cavalier, we shall be obliged to shoot him,' said a voice in an Andalusian accent; 'he disturbs the whole cavalcade.' 'That would be a pity, sergeant,' I replied, 'for he is a Cordovese by the four sides; he is not used to the ways of this barbarous country.' 'Oh, he is a Cordovese,' said the voice, '*vaya*, I did not know that; I am from Cordova myself. *Pobrecito!* 30 let me pat him—yes, I know by his coat that he is

my countryman—shoot him, indeed! *vaya*, I would fain see the Gallegan devil who would dare to harm him. Barbarous country: neither oil nor olives, bread nor barley. You have been at Cordova. *Vaya*; oblige me, cavalier, by taking this cigar.'

In this manner we proceeded for several hours, up hill and down dale, but generally at a very slow pace. The soldiers who escorted us from time to time sang patriotic songs, breathing love and attachment to the young queen Isabel, and detestation of the grim tyrant Carlos. One of the stanzas which reached my ears, ran something in the following style,—

‘Don Carlos is a hoary churl,
Of cruel heart, and cold;
But Isabel’s a harmless girl,
Of only six years old.’

At last the day began to break, and I found myself amidst a train of two or three hundred people, some on foot, but the greater part mounted either on mules or the pony mares: I could not distinguish a single horse except my own and Antonio’s. A few soldiers were thinly scattered along the road. The country was hilly, but less mountainous and picturesque than the one which we had traversed the preceding day; it was for the most part partitioned into small fields, which were planted with maize. At the distance of every two or three leagues we changed our escort, at some village where was stationed a detachment. The villages were mostly an assemblage of wretched cabins; the roofs were

thatched, dank, and moist, and not unfrequently covered with rank vegetation. There were dung-hills before the doors, and no lack of pools and puddles. Immense swine were stalking about, intermingled with naked children. The interior of the cabins corresponded with their external appearance: they were filled with filth and misery.

CHAPTER VIII

LUGO, CORUÑA AND SANTIAGO

WE reached Lugo about two hours past noon. During the last two or three leagues, I became so overpowered with weariness, the result of want of sleep and my late illness, that I was continually dozing in my saddle, so that I took but little notice of what was passing. We put up at a large *posada* without the wall of the town, built upon a steep bank, and commanding an extensive view of the country towards the east. Shortly after our arrival,
10 the rain began to descend in torrents, and continued without intermission during the next two days, which was, however, to me but a slight source of regret, as I passed the entire time in bed, and I may almost say in slumber. On the evening of the third day I arose

At Lugo I found a wealthy bookseller, to whom I brought a letter of recommendation from Madrid. He willingly undertook the sale of my books. The Lord deigned to favour my feeble exertions in His
20 cause at Lugo. I brought thither thirty Testaments, all of which were disposed of in one day; the bishop of the place, for Lugo is an episcopal see, purchasing

two copies for himself, whilst several priests and ex-friars, instead of following the example of their brethren at Leon, by persecuting the work, spoke well of it and recommended its perusal. I was much grieved that my stock of these holy books was exhausted, there being a great demand; and had I been able to supply them, quadruple the quantity might have been sold during the few days that I continued at Lugo.

Lugo contains about six thousand inhabitants. It 10 is situated on lofty ground, and is defended by ancient walls. It possesses no very remarkable edifice, and the cathedral church itself is a small mean building. In the centre of the town is the principal square, a light cheerful place, not surrounded by those heavy cumbrous buildings with which the Spaniards both in ancient and modern times have encircled their *plazas*. It is singular enough that Lugo, at present a place of very little importance, should at one period have been the 20 capital of Spain: yet such it was in the time of the Romans, who, as they were a people not much guided by caprice, had doubtless very excellent reasons for the preference which they gave to the locality.

There are many Roman remains in the vicinity of this place, the most remarkable of which are the ruins of the ancient medicinal baths, which stand on the southern side of the river Minho, which creeps through the valley beneath the town. The Minho in this place is a dark and sullen stream, with high, 30 precipitous, and thickly wooded banks.

One evening I visited the baths, accompanied by my friend the bookseller. They had been built over warm springs which flow into the river. Notwithstanding their ruinous condition, they were crowded with sick, hoping to derive benefit from the waters, which are still famed for their sanative power. These patients exhibited a strange spectacle as, wrapped in flannel gowns much resembling shrouds, they lay immersed in the tepid waters amongst dis-
10 jointed stones, and overhung with steam and reek.

We stayed one week at Lugo, and then directed our steps to Coruña, about twelve leagues distant. We arose before daybreak in order to avail ourselves of the escort of the general post, in whose company we travelled upwards of six leagues. There was much talk of robbers, and flying parties of the factious, on which account our escort was considerable. At the distance of five or six leagues from Lugo, our guard, in lieu of regular soldiers, consisted
20 of a body of about fifty Miguelets. They had all the appearance of banditti, but a finer body of ferocious fellows I never saw. They were all men in the prime of life, mostly of tall stature, and of Herculean brawn and limbs. They wore huge whiskers, and walked with a fanfaronading air, as if they courted danger, and despised it. In every respect they stood in contrast to the soldiers who had hitherto escorted us, who were mere feeble boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and possessed
30 of neither energy nor activity. The proper dress of the Miguelet, if it resembles anything military, is

something akin to that anciently used by the English marines. They wear a peculiar kind of hat, and generally leggings, or gaiters, and their arms are the gun and bayonet. The colour of their dress is mostly dark brown. They observe little or no discipline, whether on a march or in the field of action. They are excellent irregular troops, and when on actual service, are particularly useful as skirmishers. Their proper duty, however, is to officiate as a species of police, and to clear the roads of robbers, 10 for which duty they are in one respect admirably calculated, having been generally robbers themselves at one period of their lives. Why these people are called Miguelets it is not easy to say, but it is probable that they have derived this appellation from the name of their original leader. I regret that the paucity of my own information will not allow me to enter into farther particulars with respect to this corps, concerning which I have little doubt that many remarkable things might be said. 20

Becoming weary of the slow travelling of the post, I determined to brave all risk, and to push forward. In this, however, I was guilty of no slight imprudence, as by so doing I was near falling into the hands of robbers. Two fellows suddenly confronted me with presented carbines, which they probably intended to discharge into my body, but they took fright at the noise of Antonio's horse, who was following a little way behind. This affair occurred at the bridge of Castellanos, a spot notorious 30 for robbery and murder, and well adapted for both,

for it stands at the bottom of a deep dell surrounded by wild desolate hills. Only a quarter of an hour previous, I had passed three ghastly heads stuck on poles standing by the wayside; they were those of a captain of banditti and two of his accomplices, who had been seized and executed about two months before. Their principal haunt was the vicinity of the bridge, and it was their practice to cast the bodies of the murdered into the deep black water
10 which runs rapidly beneath. Those three heads will always live in my remembrance, particularly that of the captain, which stood on a higher pole than the other two. the long hair was waving in the wind, and the blackened, distorted features were grinning in the sun. The fellows whom I met were the relics of the band.

We arrived at Betanzos late in the afternoon. This town stands on a creek at some distance from the sea, and about three leagues from Coruña. It is
20 surrounded on three sides by lofty hills. The weather during the greater part of the day had been dull and lowering, and we found the atmosphere of Betanzos insupportably close and heavy. Sour and disagreeable odours assailed our olfactory organs from all sides. The streets were filthy—so were the houses, and especially the *posada*. We entered the stable; it was strewn with rotten sea-weeds and other rubbish, in which pigs were wallowing; huge and loathsome flies were buzzing around. ‘What a
30 pest-house!’ I exclaimed. But we could find no other stable, and were therefore obliged to tether the

unhappy animals to the filthy mangers. The only provender that could be obtained was Indian corn. At nightfall I led them to drink at a small river which passes through Betanzos. My *entero* swallowed the water greedily; but as we returned towards the inn, I observed that he was sad, and that his head drooped. He had scarcely reached the stall, when a deep hoarse cough assailed him. I remembered the words of the ostler in the mountains, 'The man must be mad who brings a horse to 10 Galicia.' During the greater part of the day the animal had been much heated. He now began to shiver violently. I procured a quart of anise brandy, with which, assisted by Antonio, I rubbed his body for nearly an hour, till his coat was covered with a white foam; but his cough increased perceptibly, his eyes were becoming fixed, and his members rigid. 'There is no remedy but bleeding,' said I. 'Run for a farrier.' The farrier came. 'You must bleed the horse,' I shouted; 'take from him an *azumbre* 20 of blood.' The farrier looked at the animal, and made for the door. 'Where are you going?' I demanded. 'Home,' he replied. 'But we want you here.' 'I know you do,' was his answer; 'and on that account I am going.' 'But you must bleed the horse, or he will die.' 'I know he will,' said the farrier, 'but I will not bleed him.' 'Why?' I demanded. 'I will not bleed him, but under one condition.' 'What is that?' 'What is it'—that you pay me an ounce of gold.' 'Run upstairs for 30 the red morocco case,' said I to Antonio. The case

was brought; I took out a large fleam, and with the assistance of a stone, drove it into the principal artery of the horse's leg. The blood at first refused to flow; at last, with much rubbing, it began to trickle, and then to stream; it continued so for half-an-hour. 'The horse is fainting, *mon mattre*,' said Antonio. 'Hold him up,' said I, 'and in another ten minutes we will stop the vein.'

I closed the vein, and whilst doing so I looked up
10 into the farrier's face, arching my eyebrows.

'*Carracho!* what an evil wizard,' muttered the farrier, as he walked away. 'If I had my knife here I would stick him.' We bled the horse again during the night, which second bleeding I believe saved him. Towards morning he began to eat his food.

The next day we departed for Coruña, leading our horses by the bridle: the day was magnificent, and our walk delightful. We passed along beneath
20 tall umbrageous trees, which skirted the road from Betanzos to within a short distance of Coruña. Nothing could be more smiling and cheerful than the appearance of the country around. Vines were growing in abundance in the vicinity of the villages through which we passed, whilst millions of maize plants upreared their tall stalks and displayed their broad green leaves in the fields. After walking about three hours, we obtained a view of the bay of Coruña, in which, even at the distance of a league,
30 we could distinguish three or four immense ships riding at anchor. 'Can these vessels belong to

Spain?' I demanded of myself. In the very next village, however, we were informed, that the preceding evening an English squadron had arrived, for what reason nobody could say. 'However,' continued our informant, 'they have doubtless some design upon Galicia. These foreigners are the ruin of Spain.'

We put up in what is called the Calle Real, in an excellent *fonda*, or *posada*, kept by a short, thick, comical-looking person, a Genoese by birth. 10 He was married to a tall, ugly, but good-tempered Basque woman, by whom he had been blessed with a son and daughter. His wife, however, had it seems of late summoned all her female relations from Guipuzcoa, who now filled the house to the number of nine, officiating as chambermaids, cooks, and scullions: they were all very ugly, but good-natured, and of immense volubility of tongue. Throughout the whole day the house resounded with their excellent Basque and very bad Castilian. 20 The Genoese, on the contrary, spoke little, for which he might have assigned a good reason, he had lived thirty years in Spain, and had forgotten his own language without acquiring Spanish, which he spoke very imperfectly.

We found Coruña full of bustle and life, owing to the arrival of the English squadron. On the following day, however, it departed, being bound for the Mediterranean on a short cruise, whereupon matters instantly returned to their usual 30 course.

Coruña stands on a peninsula, having on one side the sea, and on the other the celebrated bay, generally called the Groyne. It is divided into the old and new town, the latter of which was at one time probably a mere suburb. The old town is a desolate ruinous place, separated from the new by a wide moat. The modern town is a much more agreeable spot, and contains one magnificent street, the Calle Real, where the principal merchants
10 reside. One singular feature of this street is, that it is laid entirely with flags of marble, along which troop ponies and cars as if it were a common pavement.

It is a saying amongst the inhabitants of Coruña, that in their town there is a street so clean, that *puchera* may be eaten off it without the slightest inconvenience. This may certainly be the fact after one of those rains which so frequently drench Galicia, when the appearance of the pavement of
20 the street is particularly brilliant. Coruña was at one time a place of considerable commerce, the greater part of which has latterly departed to Santander, a town which stands a considerable distance down the Bay of Biscay.

There is a small battery of the old town which fronts the east, and whose wall is washed by the waters of the bay. It is a sweet spot, and the prospect which opens from it is extensive. The battery itself may be about eighty yards square;
30 some young trees are springing up about it, and it is rather a favourite resort of the people of Coruña.

In the centre of this battery stands the tomb of Moore, built by the chivalrous French, in commemoration of the fall of their heroic antagonist. It is oblong and surmounted by a slab, and on either side bears one of the simple and sublime epitaphs for which our rivals are celebrated, and which stand in such powerful contrast with the bloated and bombastic inscriptions which deform the walls of Westminster Abbey,—

“JOHN MOORE,
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES,
SLAIN IN BATTLE,
1809.”

10

The tomb itself is of marble, and around it is a quadrangular wall, breast high, of rough Gallegan granite; close to each corner rises from the earth the breech of an immense brass cannon, intended to keep the wall compact and close. These outer erections are, however, not the work of the French, but of the English government. 20

Yes, there lies the hero, almost within sight of the glorious hill where he turned upon his pursuers like a lion at bay and terminated his career. Many acquire immortality without seeking it, and die before its first ray has gilded their name; of these was Moore. The harassed general, flying through Castile with his dispirited troops before a fierce and terrible enemy, little dreamed that he was on the point of attaining that for which many a better, greater, though certainly not braver man, had sighed 30

in vain. His very misfortunes were the means which secured him immortal fame; his disastrous route, bloody death, and finally, his tomb on a foreign strand, far from kin and friends. There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of this tomb, and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe. Immense treasures are said to have been buried with the heretic general, though for what purpose no one pretends to guess. The demons of the clouds, if we
10 may trust the Gallegans, followed the English in their flight, and assailed them with water-spouts as they toiled up the steep winding paths of the Fuen-
cebadon. whilst legends the most wild are related of the manner in which the stout soldier fell. Yes, even in Spain, immortality has already crowned the head of Moore.—Spain, the land of oblivion, where the Guadalete, the ancient Lethe, flows.

At the commencement of August I found myself at St. James of Compostella. To this place I
20 travelled from Coruña with the courier or weekly post, who was escorted by a strong party of soldiers, in consequence of the distracted state of the country, which was overrun with banditti. From Coruña to St. James the distance is but ten leagues; the journey, however, endured for a day and a half. It was a pleasant one, through a most beautiful country, with a rich variety of hill and dale; the road was in many places shaded with various kinds of trees clad in most luxuriant foliage. Hundreds of
30 travellers, both on foot and on horseback, availed themselves of the security which the escort afforded:

the dread of banditti was strong. During the journey two or three alarms were given; we, however, reached St. James without having been attacked.

St. James stands on a pleasant level amidst mountains: the most extraordinary of these is a conical hill, called the Pico Sacro, or Sacred Peak, connected with which are many wonderful legends. A beautiful old town is St. James, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. Time has been when, with the single exception of Rome, it was the most celebrated resort of pilgrims in the world; its cathedral being said to contain the bones of St. James the elder, the child of the thunder, who, according to the legend of the Romish Church, first preached the gospel in Spain. Its glory, however, as a place of pilgrimage is rapidly passing away.

The cathedral, though a work of various periods, and exhibiting various styles of architecture, is a majestic venerable pile, in every respect calculated to excite awe and admiration.

CHAPTER IX

VIGO AND PONTEVEDRA

AFTER a stay of about a fortnight at St. James, we again mounted our horses and proceeded in the direction of Vigo. As we did not leave St. James till late in the afternoon, we travelled that day no farther than Padron, a distance of only three leagues. This place is a small port, situate at the extremity of a firth which communicates with the sea. It is called, for brevity's sake, Padron, but its proper appellation is Villa del Padron, or the town of the
10 patron saint; it having been, according to the legend, the principal residence of St. James during his stay in Galicia. By the Romans it was termed Iria Flavia. It is a flourishing little town, and carries on rather an extensive commerce, some of its tiny barks occasionally finding their way across the Bay of Biscay, and even so far as the Thames and London.

Our next day's journey brought us to Pontevedra. As there was no talk of robbers in these parts, we travelled without any escort and alone. The road
20 was beautiful and picturesque, though somewhat solitary, especially after we had left behind us the small town of Caldas. There is more than one place

of this name in Spain; the one of which I am speaking is distinguished from the rest by being called Caldas de los Reyes, or the warm baths of the kings. Caldas seemed by no means undeserving of its name: it stands on a confluence of springs, and the place when we arrived was crowded with people who had come to enjoy the benefit of the waters. In the course of my travels I have observed that wherever warm springs are found, vestiges of volcanoes are sure to be nigh; the smooth black precipice, the divided 10 mountain, or huge rocks standing by themselves on the plain or on the hill side, as if Titans had been playing at bowls. This last feature occurs near Caldas de los Reyes, the side of the mountain which overhangs it in the direction of the south being covered with immense granite stones, apparently at some ancient period eructed from the bowels of the earth. From Caldas to Pontevedra the route was hilly and fatiguing, the heat was intense, and those clouds of flies, which constitute one of the pests of 20 Galicia, annoyed our horses to such a degree that we were obliged to cut down branches from the trees to protect their heads and necks from the tormenting stings of these bloodthirsty insects. Whilst travelling in Galicia at this period of the year on horseback, it is always advisable to carry a fine net for the protection of the animal, a sure and commodious means of defence, which appears, however, to be utterly unknown in Galicia, where, perhaps, it is more wanted than in any other part of the world. 30

Pontevedra, upon the whole, is certainly entitled

to the appellation of a magnificent town, some of its public edifices, especially the convents, being such as are nowhere to be found but in Spain and Italy. It is surrounded by a wall of hewn stone, and stands at the end of a creek into which the river Levroz disembogues. It is said to have been founded by a colony of Greeks, whose captain was no less a personage than Teucer the Telamonian. It was in former times a place of considerable commerce; and near
10 its port are to be seen the ruins of a *farol*, or light-house, said to be of great antiquity. The port, however, is at a considerable distance from the town, and is shallow and incommodious. The whole country in the neighbourhood of Pontevedra is inconceivably delicious, abounding with fruits of every description, especially grapes, which in the proper season are seen hanging from the *parras* in luscious luxuriance. An old Andalusian author has said that it produces as many orange and citron trees as the neighbour-
20 hood of Cordova. Its oranges are, however, by no means good, and cannot compete with those of Andalusia. The Pontevedrans boast that their land produces two crops every year, and that whilst they are gathering in one they may be seen ploughing and sowing another. They may well be proud of their country, which is certainly a highly favoured spot.

The town itself is in a state of great decay, and notwithstanding the magnificence of its public edifices, we found more than the usual amount of Galician
30 filth and misery. The *posada* was one of the most wretched description, and to mend the matter, the

hostess was a most intolerable scold and shrew. Antonio having found fault with the quality of some provision which she produced, she cursed him most immoderately in the country language, which was the only one she spoke, and threatened, if he attempted to breed any disturbance in her house, to turn the horses, himself, and his master forthwith out of doors. Socrates himself, however, could not have conducted himself on this occasion with greater forbearance than Antonio, who shrugged his shoulders, 10 muttered something in Greek, and then was silent.

‘Where does the notary public live?’ I demanded. Now the notary public vended books, and to this personage I was recommended by my friend at St. James. A boy conducted me to the house of Señor Garcia, for such was his name. I found him a brisk, active, talkative little man of forty. He undertook with great alacrity the sale of my Testaments, and in a twinkling sold two to a client who was waiting 20 in the office, and appeared to be from the country. He was an enthusiastic patriot, but of course in a local sense, for he cared for no other country than Pontevedra.

‘Those fellows of Vigo,’ said he, ‘say their town is a better one than ours, and that it is more deserving to be the capital of this part of Galicia. Did you ever hear such folly? I tell you what, friend, I should not care if Vigo were burnt, and all the fools and rascals within it. Would you ever 30 think of comparing Vigo with Pontevedra?’

'I don't know,' I replied; 'I have never been at Vigo, but I have heard say that the bay of Vigo is the finest in the world.'

'Bay! my good sir. Bay! yes, the rascals have a bay, and it is that bay of theirs which has robbed us of all our commerce. But what needs the capital of a district with a bay? It is public edifices that it wants, where the provincial deputies can meet to transact their business; now, so far from there being
10 a commodious public edifice, there is not a decent house in all Vigo. Bay' yes, they have a bay, but have they water fit to drink? Have they a fountain? Yes, they have, and the water is so brackish that it would burst the stomach of a horse. I hope, my dear sir, that you have not come all this distance to take the part of such a gang of pirates as those of Vigo.'

'I am not come to take their part,' I replied; 'indeed, I was not aware that they wanted my assistance in this dispute. I am merely carrying to them
20 the New Testament, of which they evidently stand in much need, if they are such knaves and scoundrels as you represent them.'

'Represent them, my dear sir! Does not the matter speak for itself? Do they not say that their town is better than ours, more fit to be the capital of the district? What folly! What rascality!'

'Is there a bookseller's shop at Vigo?' I
30 inquired.

'There was one,' he replied, 'kept by an insane

barber. I am glad, for your sake, that it is broken up, and the fellow vanished; he would have played you one of two tricks: he would either have cut your throat with his razor, under pretence of shaving you, or have taken your books and never have accounted to you for the proceeds. Bay! I never could see what right such an owl's nest as Vigo has to a bay.'

No person could exhibit greater kindness to another than did the notary public to myself, as soon as I had 10 convinced him that I had no intention of siding with the men of Vigo against Pontevedra. It was now six o'clock in the evening, and he forthwith conducted me to a confectioner's shop, where he treated me with an iced cream and a small cup of chocolate. From hence we walked about the city, the notary showing the various edifices, especially the Convent of the Jesuits. 'See that front,' said he, 'what do you think of it?'

I expressed to him the admiration which I really 20 felt, and by so doing entirely won the good notary's heart. 'I suppose there is nothing like that at Vigo?' said I. He looked at me for a moment, winked, gave a short triumphant chuckle, and then proceeded on his way, walking at a tremendous rate. The Señor Garcia was dressed in all respects as an English notary might be: he wore a white hat, brown frock coat, drab breeches buttoned at the knees, white stockings, and well-blackened shoes. But I never saw an English notary walk so fast: it could 30 scarcely be called walking: it seemed more like a

succession of galvanic leaps and bounds. I found it impossible to keep up with him.

When I was about to depart from Pontevedra in the afternoon of the next day, the Señor Garcia stood by the side of my horse, and having embraced me, thrust a small pamphlet into my hand. 'This book,' said he, 'contains a description of Pontevedra. Wherever you go, speak well of Pontevedra.' I nodded. 'Stay,' said he, 'my dear friend, I have
10 heard of your Society, and will do my best to further its views. I am quite disinterested, but if at any future time you should have the opportunity of speaking in print of Señor Garcia, the notary public of Pontevedra,—you understand me,—I wish you would do so.'

'I will,' said I.

It was a pleasant afternoon's ride from Pontevedra to Vigo, the distance being only four leagues. As we approached the latter town the country became
20 exceedingly mountainous, though scarcely anything could exceed the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The sides of the hills were, for the most part, clothed with luxuriant forests, even to the very summits, though occasionally a flinty and naked peak would present itself, rising to the clouds. As the evening came on, the route along which we advanced became very gloomy, the hills and forests
30 along it, and both horsemen and pedestrians were continuously passing us. The villages were frequent.

Vines, supported on *parras*, were growing, if possible, in still greater abundance than in the neighbourhood of Pontevedra. Life and activity seemed to pervade everything. The hum of insects, the cheerful bark of dogs, the rude songs of Galicia, were blended together in pleasant symphony. So delicious was my ride, that I almost regretted when we entered the gate of Vigo.

The town occupies the lower part of a lofty hill, which, as it ascends, becomes extremely steep and 10 precipitous, and the top of which is crowned with a strong fort or castle. It is a small compact place, surrounded with low walls, the streets are narrow, steep, and winding, and in the middle of the town is a small square.

There is rather an extensive *faubourg* extending along the shore of the bay. We found an excellent *posada*, kept by a man and woman from the Basque provinces, who were both civil and intelligent. The town seemed to be crowded, and resounded with 20 noise and merriment. The people were making a wretched attempt at an illumination, in consequence of some victory lately gained, or pretended to have been gained, over the forces of the Pretender. Military uniforms were glancing about in every direction. To increase the bustle, a troop of Portuguese players had lately arrived from Oporto, and their first representation was to take place this evening. 'Is the play to be performed in Spanish?' I demanded. 'No,' was the reply: 'and on that 30 account every person is so eager to go. which would

not be the case if it were in a language which they could understand.'

Well may the people of Pontevedra envy the natives of Vigo their bay, with which, in many respects, none other in the world can compare. On every side it is defended by steep and sublime hills, save on the part of the west, where is the outlet to the Atlantic; but in the midst of this outlet, up towers a huge rocky wall, or island, which breaks
10 the swell, and prevents the billows of the western sea from pouring through in full violence. On either side of this island is a passage; so broad, that navies might pass through at all times in safety. The bay itself is oblong, running far into the land, and so capacious, that a thousand sail of the line might ride in it uncrowded. The waters are dark, still, and deep, without quicksands or shallows, so that the proudest man-of-war might lie within a stone's throw of the town ramparts with-
20 out any fear of injuring her keel.

Of many a strange event, and of many a mighty preparation has this bay been the scene. It was here that the bulky dragons of the grand Armada were mustered, and it was from hence that, fraught with the pomp, power, and terror of Old Spain, the monster fleet, spreading its enormous sails to the wind, and bent on the ruin of the Lutheran isle, proudly steered,—that fleet, to build and man which half the forests of Galicia had been felled, and all
30 the mariners impressed from the thousand bays and creeks of the stern Cantabrian shore. It was here

that the united flags of Holland and England triumphed over the pride of Spain and France; when the burning timbers of exploded war-ships soared above the tops of the Gallegan hills, and blazing galleons sank with their treasure chests whilst drifting in the direction of Sampayo. It was on the shores of this bay that the English guards first emptied Spanish *bodegas*, whilst the bombs of Cobham were crushing the roofs of the castle of Castro, and the *vecinos* of Pontevedra 10 buried their doubloons in cellars, and flying posts were conveying to Lugo and Orensee the news of the heretic invasion and the disaster of Vigo. All these events occurred to my mind as I stood far up the hill, at a short distance from the fort, surveying the bay.

‘What are you doing there, cavalier?’ roared several voices. ‘Stay, *Carracho!* if you attempt to run we shall shoot you!’ I looked round and saw three or four fellows in dirty uniforms, to all 20 appearance soldiers, just above me, on a winding path, which led up the hill. Their muskets were pointed at me. ‘What am I doing? Nothing, as you see,’ said I, ‘save looking at the bay; and as for running, this is by no means ground for a course.’ ‘You are our prisoner,’ said they, ‘and you must come with us to the fort.’ ‘I was just thinking of going there,’ I replied, ‘before you thus kindly invited me. The fort is the very spot I was desirous of seeing.’ I thereupon climbed up 30 to the place where they stood, when they instantly

surrounded me, and with this escort I was marched into the fort, which might have been a strong place in its time, but was now rather ruinous. 'You are suspected of being a spy,' said the corporal, who walked in front. 'Indeed,' said I. 'Yes,' replied the corporal, 'and several spies have lately been taken and shot.'

Upon one of the parapets of the fort stood a young man, dressed as a subaltern officer, and to 10 this personage I was introduced. 'We have been watching you this half hour,' said he, 'as you were taking observations.' 'Then you gave yourselves much useless trouble,' said I. 'I am an Englishman, and was merely looking at the bay. Have the kindness now to show me the fort.'...

After some consideration, he said, 'I wish to be civil to people of your nation, you may therefore consider yourself at liberty.' I bowed, made my exit, and proceeded down the hill. Just before I 20 entered the town, however, the corporal, who had followed me unperceived, tapped me on the shoulder. 'You must go with me to the governor,' said he. 'With all my heart,' I replied. The governor was shaving when we were shown up to him. He was in his shirt sleeves, and held a razor in his hand. He looked very ill-natured, which was perhaps owing to his being thus interrupted in his toilet. He asked me two or three questions, and on learning that I had a passport, and was the bearer of a letter 30 to the English consul, he told me that I was at liberty to depart. So I bowed to the governor of

the town, as I had done to the governor of the fort, and making my exit proceeded to my inn.

At Vigo I accomplished but little in the way of distribution, and after a sojourn of a few days, I returned in the direction of St. James.

CHAPTER X

JOURNEY TO FINISTERRA

I ARRIVED at Padron late in the evening, on my return from Pontevedra and Vigo. It was my intention at this place to send my servant and horses forward to Santiago, and to hire a guide to Cape Finisterra. It would be difficult to assign any plausible reason for the ardent desire which I entertained to visit this place; but I remembered that last year I had escaped almost by a miracle from shipwreck and death on the rocky sides of
10 this extreme point of the Old World, and I thought that to convey the gospel to a place so wild and remote might perhaps be considered an acceptable pilgrimage in the eyes of my Maker. True it is that but one copy remained of those which I had brought with me on this last journey, but this reflection, far from discouraging me in my projected enterprise, produced the contrary effect, as I called to mind that ever since the Lord revealed Himself to man, it has seemed good to Him to accomplish
20 the greatest ends by apparently the most insufficient means; and I reflected that this one copy might serve as an instrument for more good than the four

thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine copies of the edition of Madrid.

I was aware that my own horses were quite incompetent to reach Finisterra, as the roads or paths lie through stony ravines, and over rough and shaggy hills, and therefore determined to leave them behind with Antonio, whom I was unwilling to expose to the fatigues of such a journey. I lost no time in sending for an *alquilador*, or person who lets out horses, and informing him of my intention. He said 10 he had an excellent mountain pony at my disposal, and that he himself would accompany me, but at the same time observed, that it was a terrible journey for man and horse, and that he expected to be paid accordingly. I consented to give him what he demanded, but on the express condition that he would perform his promise of attending me himself, as I was unwilling to trust myself four or five days amongst the hills with any low fellow of the town whom he might select, and who it was very possible might 20 play me some evil turn. He replied by the term invariably used by the Spaniards when they see doubt or distrust exhibited, '*No tenga usted cuidado, I will go myself.*' Having thus arranged the matter perfectly satisfactorily, as I thought, I partook of a slight supper, and shortly afterwards retired to repose.

I had requested the *alquilador* to call me the next morning at three o'clock; he, however, did not make his appearance till five, having, I suppose, overslept 30 himself, which was indeed my own case. I arose in

a hurry, dressed, put a few things in a bag, not forgetting the Testament which I had resolved to present to the inhabitants of Finisterra. I then sallied forth, and saw my friend the *alquilador*, who was holding by the bridle the pony or *jaca* which was destined to carry me in my expedition. It was a beautiful little animal, apparently strong and full of life, without one single white hair in its whole body, which was black as the plumage of the crow.

10 Behind it stood a strange-looking figure of the biped species, to whom, however, at the moment, I paid little attention, but of whom I shall have plenty to say in the sequel.

Having asked the horse-lender whether he was ready to proceed, and being answered in the affirmative, I bade adieu to Antonio, and putting the pony in motion, we hastened out of the town, taking at first the road which leads towards Santiago. Observing that the figure which I have already alluded to
20 was following close at our heels, I asked the *alquilador* who it was, and the reason of its following us; to which he replied that it was a servant of his, who would proceed a little way with us and then return. So on we went at a rapid rate, till we were within a quarter of a mile of the Convent of the Esclavitud, a little beyond which he had informed me that we should have to turn off from the high road; but here he suddenly stopped short, and in a moment we were all at a standstill. I questioned the guide
30 as to the reason of this, but received no answer. The fellow's eyes were directed to the ground, and he

seemed to be counting with the most intense solicitude the prints of the hoofs of the oxen, mules, and horses, in the dust of the road. I repeated my demand in a louder voice; when, after a considerable pause, he somewhat elevated his eyes, without, however, looking me in the face, and said that he believed that I entertained the idea that he himself was to guide me to Finisterra, which, if I did, he was very sorry for, the thing being quite impossible, as he was perfectly ignorant of the way, and, moreover, incapable 10 of performing such a journey over rough and difficult ground, as he was no longer the man he had been, and over and above all that, he was engaged that day to accompany a gentleman to Pontevedra, who was at that moment expecting him. 'But,' continued he, 'as I am always desirous of behaving like a *caballero* to everybody, I have taken measures to prevent your being disappointed. This person,' pointing to the figure, 'I have engaged to accompany you. He is a most trustworthy person, and is 20 well acquainted with the route to Finisterra, having been thither several times with this very *jaca* on which you are mounted. He will, besides, be an agreeable companion to you on the way, as he speaks French and English very well, and has been all over the world.' The fellow ceased speaking at last, and I was so struck with his craft, impudence, and villainy, that some time elapsed before I could find an answer. I then reproached him in the bitterest terms for his breach of promise, and said that I was much tempted 30 to return to the town instantly, complain of him to

the *alcalde*, and have him punished at any expense. To which he replied, 'Sir cavalier, by so doing you will be nothing nearer Finisterra, to which you seem so eager to get. Take my advice, spur on the *jaca*, for you see it is getting late, and it is twelve long leagues from hence to Corcuvion, where you must pass the night; and from thence to Finisterra is no trifle. As for the man, *no tenga usted cuidado*, he is the best guide in all Galicia, speaks English and
10 French, and will bear you pleasant company.'

By this time I had reflected that by returning to Padron I should indeed be only wasting time, and that by endeavouring to have the fellow punished, no benefit would accrue to me: moreover, as he seemed to be a scoundrel in every sense of the word, I might as well proceed in the company of any person as in his. I therefore signified my intention of proceeding, and told him to go back in the Lord's name, and repent of his sins. But having gained one point,
20 he thought he had best attempt another, so placing himself about a yard before the *jaca*, he said that the price which I had agreed to pay him for the loan of his horse (which, by the by, was the full sum he had demanded) was by no means sufficient, and that before I proceeded I must promise him two dollars more, adding that he was either drunk or mad when he made such a bargain. I was now thoroughly incensed, and, without a moment's reflection, spurred the *jaca*, which flung him down in the dust, and
30 passed over him. Looking back at a distance of a hundred yards, I saw him standing in the same

place, his hat on the ground, gazing after us and crossing himself most devoutly. His servant, or whatever he was, far from offering any assistance to his principal, no sooner saw the *jaca* in motion than he ran by its side, without word or comment, farther than striking himself lustily on the thigh with his right palm. We soon passed the Esclavitud, and presently afterwards turned to the left into a stony broken path leading to fields of maize. We passed by several farmhouses, and at last arrived at 10 a dingle, the sides of which were plentifully overgrown with dwarf oaks, and which slanted down to a small dark river shaded with trees, which we crossed by a rude bridge. By this time I had had sufficient time to scan my odd companion from head to foot. His utmost height, had he made the most of himself, might perhaps have amounted to five feet one inch; but he seemed somewhat inclined to stoop. Nature had gifted him with an immense head, and placed it clean upon his shoulders, for amongst the 20 items of his composition it did not appear that a neck had been included. Arms long and brawny swung at his sides, and the whole of his frame was as strongly built and powerful as a wrestler's; his body was supported by a pair of short but very nimble legs. His face was very long, and would have borne some slight resemblance to a human countenance had the nose been more visible, for its place seemed to have been entirely occupied by a wry mouth and large staring eyes. His dress con- 30 sisted of three articles: an old and tattered hat of

the Portuguese kind, broad at the crown and narrow at the eaves, something which appeared to be a shirt, and dirty canvas trousers. Willing to enter into conversation with him, and remembering that the *alquilador* had informed me that he spoke languages, I asked him, in English, if he had always acted in the capacity of guide? Whereupon he turned his eyes with a singular expression upon my face, gave a loud laugh, a long leap, and clapped his hands
10 thrice above his head. Perceiving that he did not understand me, I repeated my demand in French, and was again answered by the laugh, leap, and clapping. At last he said in broken Spanish, 'Master mine, speak Spanish in God's name, and I can understand you, and better still if you speak Gallegan, but I can promise no more. I heard what the *alquilador* told you, but he is the greatest *embustero* in the whole land, and deceived you then as he did when he promised to accompany you. I serve him
20 for my sins, but it was an evil hour when I left the deep sea and turned guide.' He then informed me that he was a native of Padron, and a mariner by profession, having spent the greater part of his life in the Spanish navy, in which service he had visited Cuba and many parts of the Spanish Americas, adding, 'When my master told you that I should bear you pleasant company by the way, it was the only word of truth that has come from his mouth for a month; and long before you reach Finisterra
30 you will have rejoiced that the servant, and not the master, went with you: he is dull and heavy, but

I am what you see.' He then gave two or three first-rate sunsets, again laughed loudly, and clapped his hands. 'You would scarcely think,' he continued, 'that I drove that little pony yesterday heavily laden all the way from Coruña. We arrived at Padron at two o'clock this morning, but we are nevertheless both willing and able to undertake a fresh journey. *No tenga usted cuidado*, as my master said, no one ever complains of that pony or of me.' In this kind of discourse we proceeded a considerable 10 way through a very picturesque country, until we reached a beautiful village at the skirt of a mountain. 'This village,' said my guide, 'is called Los Angeles, because its church was built long since by the angels; they placed a beam of gold beneath it, which they brought down from heaven, and which was once a rafter of God's own house. It runs all the way under the ground from hence to the cathedral of Compostella.'

Passing through the village, which he likewise 20 informed me possessed baths, and was much visited by the people of Santiago, we shaped our course to the north-west, and by so doing doubled a mountain which rose majestically over our heads, its top crowned with bare and broken rocks, whilst on our right, on the other side of a spacious valley, was a high range, connected with the mountains to the northward of St. James. On the summit of this range rose high embattled towers, which my guide informed me were those of Altamira, an ancient and 30 ruined castle, formerly the principal residence in this

province of the counts of that name. Turning now due west, we were soon at the bottom of a steep and rugged pass, which led to more elevated regions. The ascent cost us nearly half-an-hour, and the difficulties of the ground were such, that I more than once congratulated myself on having left my own horses behind, and being mounted on the gallant little pony which, accustomed to such paths, scrambled bravely forward, and eventually brought
10 us in safety to the top of the ascent.

Here we entered a Gallegan cabin, or *choza*, for the purpose of refreshing the animal and ourselves. The quadruped ate some maize, whilst we two bipeds regaled ourselves on some *broa* and *aguardiente*, which a woman whom we found in the hut placed before us. I walked out for a few minutes to observe the aspect of the country, and on my return found my guide fast asleep on the bench where I had left him. He sat bolt upright, his back sup-
20 ported against the wall, and his legs pendulous, within three inches of the ground, being too short to reach it. I remained gazing upon him for at least five minutes, whilst he enjoyed slumbers seemingly as quiet and profound as those of death itself. His face brought powerfully to my mind some of those uncouth visages of saints and abbots which are occasionally seen in the niches of the walls of ruined convents. There was not the slightest gleam of vitality in his countenance, which for colour and
30 rigidity might have been of stone, and which was as rude and battered as one of the stone heads at

Icolmkill, which have braved the winds of twelve hundred years. I continued gazing on his face till I became almost alarmed, concluding that life might have departed from its harassed and fatigued tenement. On my shaking him rather roughly by the shoulder he slowly awoke, opening his eyes with a stare, and then closing them again. For a few moments he was evidently unconscious of where he was. On my shouting to him, however, and inquiring whether he intended to sleep all day instead of conducting me ¹⁰ to Finisterra, he dropped upon his legs, snatched up his hat, which lay on the table, and instantly ran out of the door, exclaiming, 'Yes, yes, I remember—follow me, captain, and I will lead you to Finisterra in no time.' I looked after him, and perceived that he was hurrying at a considerable pace in the direction in which we had hitherto been proceeding. 'Stop,' said I, 'stop! will you leave me here with the pony? Stop, we have not paid the reckoning. Stop!' He, however, never turned his head for a ²⁰ moment, and in less than a minute was out of sight. The pony, which was tied to a crib at one end of the cabin, began now to neigh terrifically, to plunge, and erect its tail and mane in a most singular manner. It tore and strained at the halter till I was apprehensive that strangulation would ensue. 'Woman,' I exclaimed, 'where are you, and what is the meaning of all this?' But the hostess had likewise disappeared, and though I ran about the *choza*, shouting myself hoarse, no answer was returned. The pony ³⁰ still continued to scream and strain at the halter

more violently than ever. 'Am I beset with lunatics?' I cried, and flinging down a *peseta* on the table, unloosed the halter, and attempted to introduce the bit into the mouth of the animal. This, however, I found impossible to effect. Released from the halter, the pony made at once for the door, in spite of all the efforts which I could make to detain it. 'If you abandon me,' said I, 'I am in a pretty situation; but there is a remedy for every-
10 thing!' with which words I sprang into the saddle, and in a moment more the creature was bearing me at a rapid gallop in the direction, as I supposed, of Finisterra. My position, however diverting to the reader, was rather critical to myself. I was on the back of a spirited animal, over which I had no control, dashing along a dangerous and unknown path. I could not discover the slightest vestige of my guide, nor did I pass any one from whom I could derive any information. Indeed, the speed of
20 the animal was so great, that even in the event of my meeting or overtaking a passenger, I could scarcely have hoped to exchange a word with him. 'Is the pony trained to this work?' said I mentally. 'Is he carrying me to some den of banditti, where my throat will be cut, or does he follow his master by instinct?' Both of these suspicions I, however, soon abandoned; the pony's speed relaxed, he appeared to have lost the road. He looked about uneasily, at last, coming to a sandy spot, he put his
30 nostrils to the ground, and then suddenly flung himself down and wallowed in true pony fashion. I

was not hurt, and instantly made use of this opportunity to slip the bit into his mouth, which previously had been dangling beneath his neck ; I then remounted in quest of the road.

This I soon found, and continued my way for a considerable time. The path lay over a moor, patched with heath and furze, and here and there strewn with large stones, or rather rocks. The sun had risen high in the firmament, and burned fiercely. I passed several people, men and women, who gazed 10 at me with surprise, wondering, probably, what a person of my appearance could be about without a guide in so strange a place. I inquired of two females whom I met whether they had seen my guide, but they either did not or would not understand me, and exchanging a few words with each other, in one of the hundred dialects of the Gallegan, passed on. Having crossed the moor, I came rather abruptly upon a convent, overhanging a deep ravine, at the bottom of which brawled a rapid stream. 20

It was a beautiful and picturesque spot : the sides of the ravine were thickly clothed with wood, and on the other side a tall, black hill uplifted itself. The edifice was large, and apparently deserted. Passing by it, I presently reached a small village, as deserted, to all appearance, as the convent, for I saw not a single individual, nor so much as a dog to welcome me with his bark. I proceeded, however, until I reached a fountain, the waters of which gushed from a stone pillar into a trough. Seated 30 upon this last, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed

upon the neighbouring mountain, I beheld a figure which still frequently recurs to my thoughts, especially when asleep and oppressed by the nightmare. This figure was my runaway guide.

Myself.—Good-day to you, my gentleman. The weather is hot, and yonder water appears delicious. I am almost tempted to dismount and regale myself with a slight draught.

Guide.—Your worship can do no better. The
10 day is, as you say, hot; you can do no better than drink a little of this water. I have myself just drunk. I would not, however, advise you to give that pony any; it appears heated and blown.

Myself.—It may well be so. I have been galloping at least two leagues in pursuit of a fellow who engaged to guide me to Finisterra, but who deserted me in a most singular manner, so much so, that I almost believe him to be a thief, and no true man. You do not happen to have seen him?

20 *Guide.*—What kind of a man might he be?

Myself.—A short, thick fellow, very much like yourself, with a hump upon his back, and, excuse me, of a very ill-favoured countenance.

Guide.—Ha, ha! I know him. He ran with me to this fountain, where he has just left me. That man, sir cavalier, is no thief. If he is anything at all, he is a *Nuveiro*,—a fellow who rides upon the clouds, and is occasionally whisked away by a gust of wind. Should you ever travel with that man
30 again, never allow him more than one glass of anise at a time, or he will infallibly mount into the clouds

and leave you, and then he will ride and run till he comes to a water brook, or knocks his head against a fountain—then one draught, and he is himself again. So you are going to Finisterra, sir cavalier? Now, it is singular enough, that a cavalier much of your appearance engaged me to conduct him there this morning; I however lost him on the way. So it appears to me our best plan to travel together until you find your own guide and I find my own master. 10

It might be about two o'clock in the afternoon, that we reached a long and ruinous bridge, seemingly of great antiquity, and which, as I was informed by my guide, was called the bridge of Don Alonzo. It crossed a species of creek, or rather frith, for the sea was at no considerable distance, and the small town at Noyo lay at our right. 'When we have crossed that bridge, captain,' said my guide, 'we shall be in an unknown country, for I have never been farther than Noyo, and as for 20 Finisterra, so far from having been there, I have never heard of such a place; and though I have inquired of two or three people since we have been upon this expedition, they know as little about it as I do. Taking all things, however, into consideration, it appears to me, that the best thing we can do is to push forward to Coreuvion, which is five mad leagues from hence, and which we may perhaps reach ere nightfall, if we can find the way or get any one to direct us; for, as I told you before, 30 I know nothing about it.' 'To fine hands have I

confided myself,' said I; 'however, we had best, as you say, push forward to Corcuvion, where, peradventure, we may hear something of Finisterra, and find a guide to conduct us.' Whereupon with a hop, skip, and a jump, he again set forward at a rapid pace, stopping occasionally at a *choza*, for the purpose, I suppose, of making inquiries, though I understood scarcely anything of the jargon in which he addressed the people, and in which they answered
10 him.

We were soon in an extremely wild and hilly country, scrambling up and down ravines, wading brooks, and scratching our hands and faces with brambles, on which grew a plentiful crop of wild mulberries, to gather some of which we occasionally made a stop. Owing to the roughness of the way we made no great progress. The pony followed close at the back of the guide, so near, indeed, that its nose almost touched his shoulder. The country
20 grew wilder and wilder, and since we had passed a water-mill, we had lost all trace of human habitation. The mill stood at the bottom of a valley shaded by large trees, and its wheels were turning with a dismal and monotonous noise. 'Do you think we shall reach Corcuvion to-night?' said I to the guide, as we emerged from this valley to a savage moor, which appeared of almost boundless extent.

Guide.—I do not, I do not. We shall in no
30 manner reach Corcuvion to-night, and I by no means like the appearance of this moor. The sun

is rapidly sinking, and then, if there came on a haze, we shall meet the *Estadéa*.

Myself.—What do you mean by the *Estadéa*?

Guide.—What do I mean by the *Estadéa*? My master asks me what I mean by the *Estadínha*.¹ I have met the *Estadínha* but once, and it was upon a moor something like this. I was in company with several women, and a thick haze came on, and suddenly a thousand lights shone above our heads in the haze, and there was a wild cry, and the 10 women fell to the ground screaming, *Estadéa! Estadéa!* and I myself fell to the ground crying out, *Estadínha!* The *Estadéa* are the spirits of the dead which ride upon the haze, bearing candles in their hands. I tell you frankly, my master, that if we meet the assembly of the souls, I shall leave you at once, and then I shall run and run till I drown myself in the sea, somewhere about Muros. We shall not reach Corcuvion this night, my only hope is that we may find some *choza* upon these moors, 20 where we may hide our heads from the *Estadínha*.

The night overtook us ere we had traversed the moor; there was, however, no haze, to the great joy of my guide, and a corner of the moon partially illumined our steps. Our situation, however, was dreary enough; we were upon the wildest heath of the wildest province of Spain, ignorant of our way, and directing our course we scarcely knew whither, for my guide repeatedly declared to me, that he did not

¹ *Inha*, when affixed to words, serves as a diminutive. It is much in use amongst the Gallegans

believe that such a place as Finisterra existed, or if it did exist, it was some bleak mountain pointed out in a map. When I reflected on the character of this guide, I derived but little comfort or encouragement: he was at best evidently half-witted, and was by his own confession occasionally seized with paroxysms which differed from madness in no essential respect; his wild escapade in the morning of nearly three leagues, without any apparent cause, 10 and lastly his superstitious and frantic fears of meeting the souls of the dead upon this heath, in which event he intended, as he himself said, to desert me and make for the sea, operated rather powerfully upon my nerves. I likewise considered that it was quite possible that we might be in the route neither of Finisterra nor Corcuvion, and I therefore determined to enter the first cabin at which we should arrive, in preference to running the risk of breaking our necks by tumbling down 20 some pit or precipice. No cabin, however, appeared in sight; the moor seemed interminable, and we wandered on until the moon disappeared, and we were left in almost total darkness.

At length we arrived at the foot of a steep ascent, up which a rough and broken pathway appeared to lead. 'Can this be our way?' said I to the guide.

'There appears to be no other for us, captain,' replied the man; 'let us ascend it by all means, and when we are at the top, if the sea be in the neighbourhood we shall see it.'

I then dismounted, for to ride up such a pass

in such darkness would have been madness. We clambered up in a line, first the guide, next the pony, with his nose as usual on his master's shoulder, of whom he seemed passionately fond, and I bringing up the rear, with my left hand grasping the animal's tail. We had many a stumble, and more than one fall: once, indeed, we were all rolling down the side of the hill together. In about twenty minutes we reached the summit, and looked around us, but no sea was visible: a black moor, indistinctly 10 seen, seemed to spread on every side.

'We shall have to take up our quarters here till morning,' said I.

Suddenly my guide seized me by the hand 'There is *lúme*, *Senhor*,' said he, 'there is *lúme*.' I looked in the direction in which he pointed, and, after straining my eyes for some time, imagined that I perceived, far below and at some distance, a faint glow. 'That is *lúme*,' shouted the guide, 'and it proceeds from the chimney of a *choza*.' 20

On descending the eminence, we roamed about for a considerable time, until we at last found ourselves in the midst of about six or eight black huts. 'Knock at the door of one of these,' said I to the guide, 'and inquire of the people whether they can shelter us for the night.' He did so, and a man presently made his appearance, bearing in his hand a lighted firebrand.

'Can you shelter a *Cavalheiro* from the night and the *Estadéa*?' said my guide. 30

'From both, I thank God,' said the man, who

was an athletic figure, without shoes and stockings, and who, upon the whole, put me much in mind of a Munster peasant from the bogs. 'Pray enter, gentlemen, we can accommodate you both and your *cavalgadura* besides.'

We entered the *choza*, which consisted of three compartments; in the first we found straw, in the second cattle and ponies, and in the third the family, consisting of the father and mother of the
10 man who admitted us, and his wife and children.

'You are a Catalan, sir cavalier, and are going to your countrymen at Corcuvion,' said the man in tolerable Spanish. 'Ah, you are brave people, you Catalans, and fine establishments you have on the Gallegan shores; pity that you take all the money out of the country'

Now, under all circumstances, I had not the slightest objection to pass for a Catalan; and I
- rather rejoiced that these wild people should suppose
20 that I had powerful friends and countrymen in the neighbourhood who were, perhaps, expecting me. I therefore favoured their mistake, and began with a harsh Catalan accent to talk of the fish of Galicia, and the high duties on salt. The eye of my guide was upon me for an instant, with a singular expression, half-serious, half-droll; he, however, said nothing, but slapped his thigh as usual, and with a spring nearly touched the roof of the cabin with his grotesque head. Upon inquiry, I discovered
30 that we were still two long leagues distant from Corcuvion, and that the road lay over moor and

hill, and was hard to find. Our host now demanded whether we were hungry, and upon being answered in the affirmative, produced about a dozen eggs and some bacon. Whilst our supper was cooking, a long conversation ensued between my guide and the family, but as it was carried on in Gallegan, I tried in vain to understand it. I believe, however, that it principally related to witches and witchcraft, as the *Estadéa* was frequently mentioned. After supper I demanded where I could rest. whereupon the host 10 pointed to a trap-door in the roof, saying that above there was a loft where I could sleep by myself, and have clean straw. For curiosity's sake, I asked whether there was such a thing as a bed in the cabin.

'No,' replied the man. 'nor nearer than Corcuvion. I never entered one in my life, nor any one of my family: we sleep around the hearth, or among the straw with the cattle.'

I was too old a traveller to complain, but forthwith ascended by a ladder into a species of loft, 20 tolerably large and nearly empty, where I placed my cloak beneath my head, and lay down on the boards, which I preferred to the straw for more reasons than one. I heard the people below talking in Gallegan for a considerable time, and could see the gleams of the fire through the interstices of the floor. The voices, however, gradually died away, the fire sank low, and could no longer be distinguished. I dozed, started, dozed again, and dropped finally into a profound sleep, from which I was only 30 aroused by the crowing of the second cock.

CHAPTER XI

FINISTERRA

It was a beautiful autumnal morning when we left the *choza* and pursued our way to Coreuvion. I satisfied our host by presenting him with a couple of *pesetas*, and he requested as a favour, that if on our return we passed that way, and were overtaken by the night, we would again take up our abode beneath his roof. This I promised, at the same time determining to do my best to guard against the contingency; as sleeping in the loft of a Gallegan
10 hut, though preferable to passing the night on a moor or mountain, is anything but desirable.

So we again started at a rapid pace along rough bridle-ways and footpaths, amidst furze and brushwood. In about an hour we obtained a view of the sea, and directed by a lad, whom we found on the moor employed in tending a few miserable sheep, we bent our course to the north-west, and at length reached the brow of an eminence, where we stopped for some time to survey the prospect which opened
20 before us.

It was not without reason that the Latins gave the name of *Finis terræ* to this district. We had

arrived exactly at such a place as in my boyhood I had pictured to myself as the termination of the world, beyond which there was a wild sea, or abyss, or chaos. I now saw far before me an immense ocean, and below me a long and irregular line of lofty and precipitous coast. Certainly in the whole world there is no bolder coast than the Gallegan shore, from the debouchement of the Minho to Cape Finisterra. It consists of a granite wall of savage mountains, for the most part serrated at the top, 10 and occasionally broken, where bays and firths like those of Vigo and Pontevedra intervene, running deep into the land. These bays and firths are invariably of an immense depth, and sufficiently capacious to shelter the navies of the proudest maritime nations.

There is an air of stern and savage grandeur in everything around, which strongly captivates the imagination. This savage coast is the first glimpse of Spain which the voyager from the north catches, 20 or he who has ploughed his way across the wide Atlantic; and well does it seem to realise all his visions of this strange land. 'Yes,' he exclaims, 'this is indeed Spain—stern, flinty Spain—land emblematic of those spirits to which she has given birth. From what land but that before me could have proceeded those portentous beings who astounded the Old World and filled the New with horror and blood: Alva and Philip, Cortez and Pizarro: stern colossal spectres looming through the 30 gloom of bygone years, like yonder granite mountains

through the haze, upon the eye of the mariner. Yes, yonder is indeed Spain; flinty, indomitable Spain, land emblematic of its sons!

We descended from the eminence, and again lost sight of the sea amidst ravines and dingles, amongst which patches of pine were occasionally seen. Continuing to descend, we at last came, not to the sea, but to the extremity of a long narrow firth, where stood a village or hamlet: whilst at a small
10 distance, on the western side of the firth, appeared one considerably larger, which was indeed almost entitled to the appellation of town. This last was Corcuvion, the first, if I forget not, was called Ria de Silla. We hastened on to Corcuvion, where I bade my guide make inquiries respecting Finisterra. He entered the door of a wine-house, from which proceeded much noise and vociferation, and presently returned, informing me that the village of Finisterra was distant about a league and a half. A man,
20 evidently in a state of intoxication, followed him to the door 'Are you bound for Finisterra, *Cavalheiros?*' he shouted.

'Yes, my friend,' I replied, 'we are going thither.'

'Then you are going amongst a flock of drunkards,' he answered. 'Take care that they do not play you a trick.'

We passed on, and striking across a sandy peninsula at the back of the town, soon reached the
30 shore of an immense bay, the north-westernmost end of which was formed by the far-famed cape of

Finisterra, which we now saw before us stretching far into the sea.

Along a beach of dazzling white sand we advanced towards the cape, the bourne of our journey. The sun was shining brightly, and every object was illumined by his beams. The sea lay before us like a vast mirror, and the waves which broke upon the shore were so tiny as scarcely to produce a murmur. On we sped along the deep winding bay, overhung by gigantic hills and mountains. Strange 10 recollections began to throng upon my mind. It was upon this beach that, according to the tradition of all ancient Christendom, St. James, the patron saint of Spain, preached the gospel to the heathen Spaniards. Upon this beach had once stood an immense commercial city, the proudest in all Spain. This now desolate bay had once resounded with the voices of myriads, when the keels and commerce of all the then known world were wafted to Duyo. 20

‘What is the name of this village?’ said I to a woman, as we passed by five or six ruinous houses at the bend of the bay, ere we entered upon the peninsula of Finisterra.

‘This is no village,’ said the Gallegan, ‘this is no village, sir cavalier, this is a city, this is Duyo.’

So much for the glory of the world! These huts were all that the roaring sea and the tooth of time had left of Duyo, the great city! Onward now to Finisterra. 30

It was midday when we reached the village of

Finisterra, consisting of about one hundred houses, and built on the southern side of the Peninsula, just before it rises into the huge bluff head which is called the Cape. We sought in vain for an inn or *venta*, where we might stable our beast; at one moment we thought that we had found one, and had even tied the animal to the manger. Upon our going out, however, he was instantly untied and driven forth into the street. The few people whom
10 we saw appeared to gaze upon us in a singular manner. We, however, took little notice of these circumstances, and proceeded along the straggling street until we found shelter in the house of a Castilian shopkeeper, whom some chance had brought to this corner of Galicia,—this end of the world. Our first care was to feed the animal, which now began to exhibit considerable symptoms of fatigue. We then requested some refreshments for ourselves; and in about an hour, a tolerably savoury fish,
20 weighing about three pounds, and fresh from the bay, was prepared for us by an old woman who appeared to officiate as housekeeper. Having finished our meal, I and my uncouth companion went forth and prepared to ascend the mountain.

We stopped to examine a small dismantled fort or battery facing the bay; and whilst engaged in this examination, it more than once occurred to me that we were ourselves the objects of scrutiny and investigation; indeed, I caught a glimpse of more
30 than one countenance peering upon us through the holes and chasms of the walls. We now commenced

ascending Finisterra; and, making numerous and long *détours*, we wound our way up its flinty sides. The sun had reached the top of heaven, whence he showered upon us perpendicularly his brightest rays. My boots were torn, my feet cut, and the perspiration streamed from my brow. To my guide, however, the ascent appeared to be neither toilsome nor difficult. The heat of the day for him had no terrors, no moisture was wrung from his tanned countenance; he drew not one short breath; and 10
hopped upon the stones and rocks with all the provoking agility of a mountain goat. Before we had accomplished one-half of the ascent, I felt myself quite exhausted. I reeled and staggered. 'Cheer up, master mine, be of good cheer, and have no care,' said the guide. 'Yonder I see a wall of stones; lie down beneath it in the shade.' He put his long and strong arm round my waist, and though his stature compared with mine was that of a dwarf, he supported me, as if I had been a child, to a rude wall 20
which seemed to traverse the greatest part of the hill, and served probably as a kind of boundary. It was difficult to find a shady spot. At last he perceived a small chasm, perhaps scooped by some shepherd as a couch in which to enjoy his *siesta*. In this he laid me gently down, and taking off his enormous hat, commenced fanning me with great assiduity. By degrees I revived, and after having rested for a considerable time, I again attempted the ascent, which, with the assistance of my guide, 30
I at length accomplished.

We were now standing at a great altitude between two bays, the wilderness of waters before us. Of all the ten thousand barks which annually plough those seas in sight of that old cape, not one was to be descried. It was a blue shiny waste, broken by no object save the black head of a spermaceti whale, which would occasionally show itself at the top, casting up thin jets of brine. The principal bay, that of Finisterra, as far as the entrance, was beautiful-
10 fully variegated by an immense shoal of *sardinhas*, on whose extreme skirts the monster was probably feasting. From the northern side of the cape we looked down upon a smaller bay, the shore of which was overhung by rocks of various and grotesque shapes; this is called the outer bay, a fearful place in seasons of wind and tempest, when the long swell of the Atlantic pouring in, is broken into surf and foam by the sunken rocks with which it abounds. Even in the calmest day there is a rumbling and
20 a hollow roar in that bay which fill the heart with uneasy sensations.

On all sides there was grandeur and sublimity. After gazing from the summit of the cape for nearly an hour, we descended.

On reaching the house where we had taken up our temporary habitation, we perceived that the portal was occupied by several men, some of whom were reclining on the floor drinking wine out of small earthen pans, which are much used in this
30 part of Galicia. With a civil salutation I passed on, and ascended the staircase to the room in which

we had taken our repast. Here there was a rude and dirty bed, on which I flung myself, exhausted with fatigue. I determined to take a little repose, and in the evening to call the people of the place together to read a few chapters of the Scripture, and then to address them with a little Christian exhortation. I was soon asleep, but my slumbers were by no means tranquil. I thought I was surrounded with difficulties of various kinds amongst rocks and ravines, vainly endeavouring to extricate 10 myself; uncouth visages showed themselves amidst the trees and in the hollows, thrusting out cloven tongues, and uttering angry cries. I looked around for my guide, but could not find him; methought, however, that I heard his voice down a deep dingle. He appeared to be talking of me. How long I might have continued in these wild dreams I know not. I was suddenly, however, seized roughly by the shoulder and nearly dragged from the bed. I looked up in amazement, and by the light of the 20 descending sun I beheld hanging over me a wild and uncouth figure; it was that of an elderly man, built as strong as a giant, with much beard and whisker, and huge bushy eyebrows, dressed in the habiliments of a fisherman; in his hand was a rusty musket.

Myself.—Who are you, and what do you want?

Figure.—Who I am matters but little. Get up and follow me; it is you I want.

Myself.—By what authority do you thus presume 30 to interfere with me?

Figure.—By the authority of the *justicia* of Finisterra. Follow me peaceably, Calros, or it will be the worse for you.

‘Calros,’ said I, ‘what does the person mean?’ I thought it, however, most prudent to obey his command, and followed him down the staircase. The shop and the portal were now thronged with the inhabitants of Finisterra, men, women, and children; the latter for the most part in a state
10 of nudity, and with bodies wet and dripping, having been probably summoned in haste from their gambols in the brine. Through this crowd the figure whom I have attempted to describe pushed his way with an air of authority.

On arriving in the street, he laid his heavy hand upon my arm, not roughly, however. ‘It is Calros! it is Calros!’ said a hundred voices; ‘he has come to Finisterra at last, and the *justicia* has now got hold of him.’ Wondering what all this could mean,
20 I attended my strange conductor down the street. As we proceeded, the crowd increased every moment, following and vociferating. Even the sick were brought to the doors to obtain a view of what was going forward and a glance at the redoubtable Calros. I was particularly struck by the eagerness displayed by one man, a cripple, who, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, mixed with the crowd, and having lost his crutch, hopped forward on one leg, exclaiming—‘*Carracho! tambien voy yo!*’

30 We at last reached a house of rather larger size than the rest; my guide having led me into a long

low room, placed me in the middle of the floor, and then hurrying to the door, he endeavoured to repulse the crowd who strove to enter with us. This he effected, though not without considerable difficulty, being once or twice compelled to have recourse to the butt of his musket, to drive back unauthorised intruders. I now looked round the room. It was rather scantily furnished: I could see nothing but some tubs and barrels, the mast of a boat, and a sail or two. Seated upon the tubs were three or four 10 men coarsely dressed, like fishermen or shipwrights. The principal personage was a surly ill-tempered-looking fellow of about thirty-five, whom eventually I discovered to be the *alcalde* of Finisterra, and lord of the house in which we now were. In a corner I caught a glimpse of my guide, who was evidently in durance, two stout fishermen standing before him, one with a musket and the other with a boat-hook. After I had looked about me for a minute, the *alcalde*, giving his whiskers a twist, thus addressed 20 me,—

‘Who are you, where is your passport, and what brings you to Finisterra?’

Myself.—I am an Englishman. Here is my passport, and I came to see Finisterra.

This reply seemed to discomfit them for a moment. They looked at each other, then at my passport. At length the *alcalde*, striking it with his finger, bellowed forth,—

‘This is no Spanish passport. it appears to be 30 written in French.’

Myself.—I have already told you that I am a foreigner. I of course carry a foreign passport.

Alcalde.—Then you mean to assert that you are not *Calros Rey*?

Myself.—I never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

Alcalde.—Hark to the fellow : he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros the pretender, who calls himself king.

10 *Myself.*—If you mean by Calros, the pretender Don Carlos, all I can reply is, that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that yonder poor fellow, my guide, whom I see you have made prisoner, is his nephew, the *Infante* Don Sebastian.

Alcalde.—See, you have betrayed yourself ; that is the very person we suppose him to be.

Myself.—It is true that they are both hunch-backs. But how can I be like Don Carlos ? I have nothing
20 the appearance of a Spaniard, and am nearly a foot taller than the pretender.

Alcalde.—That makes no difference ; you of course carry many waistcoats about you, by means of which you disguise yourself, and appear tall or low according to your pleasure.

This last was so conclusive an argument that I had of course nothing to reply to it. The *alcalde* looked around him in triumph, as if he had made some notable discovery. ‘Yes, it is Calros ! it is
30 Calros !’ said the crowd at the door. ‘It will be as well to have these men shot instantly,’ continued

the *alcalde*; 'if they are not the two pretenders, they are, at any rate, two of the factious.'

'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' said a gruff voice.

The *justicia* of Finisterra turned their eyes in the direction from which these words proceeded, and so did I. Our glances rested upon the figure who held watch at the door. He had planted the barrel of his musket on the floor, and was now leaning his chin against the butt. 10

'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' repeated he, advancing forward. 'I have been examining this man,' pointing to myself, 'and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice. Who knows the English better than Antonio de la Trava, and who has a better right? Has he not sailed in their ships; has he not eaten their biscuit; and did he not stand by Nelson when he 20 was shot dead?'

Here the *alcalde* became violently incensed. 'He is no more an Englishman than yourself,' he exclaimed; 'if he were an Englishman would he have come in this manner, skulking across the land? Not so, I trow. He would have come in a ship, recommended to some of us, or to the Catalans. He would have come to trade, to buy; but nobody knows him in Finisterra, nor does he know anybody; and the first thing, moreover, that he does 30 when he reaches this place is to inspect the fort,

and to ascend the mountain, where, no doubt, he has been marking out a camp. What brings him to Finisterra if he is neither Calros nor a *bribon* of a *faccioso* ?

I felt that there was a good deal of justice in some of these remarks, and I was aware, for the first time, that I had, indeed, committed a great imprudence in coming to this wild place, and among these barbarous people, without being able to assign
10 any motive which could appear at all valid in their eyes. I endeavoured to convince the *alcalde* that I had come across the country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the many remarkable objects which it contained, and of obtaining information respecting the character and condition of the inhabitants. He could understand no such motives. 'What did you ascend the mountain for?' 'To see prospects.' 'What folly! I have lived at Finisterra forty years and never ascended that
20 mountain. I would not do it in a day like this for two ounces of gold. You went to take altitudes, and to mark out a camp.' I had, however, a staunch friend in old Antonio, who insisted, from his knowledge of the English, that all I had said might very possibly be true. 'The English,' said he, 'have more money than they know what to do with, and on that account they wander all over the world, paying dearly for what no other people care a groat for.' He then proceeded, notwithstanding the frowns of
30 the *alcalde*, to examine me in the English language. His own entire knowledge of this tongue was

confined to two words—*knife* and *fork*, which words I rendered into Spanish by their equivalents, and was forthwith pronounced an Englishman by the old fellow, who, brandishing his musket, exclaimed,—

‘This man is not Calros; he is what he declares himself to be, an Englishman, and whosoever seeks to injure him, shall have to do with Antonio de la Trava *el valiente de Finisterra*.’ No person sought to impugn this verdict, and it was at length determined that I should be sent to Corcuvion, to be 10 examined by the *alcalde mayor* of the district. ‘But,’ said the *alcalde* of Finisterra, ‘what is to be done with the other fellow? He at least is no Englishman. Bring him forward, and let us hear what he has to say for himself. Now, fellow, who are you, and what is your master?’

Guide.—I am Sebastianillo, a poor broken mariner of Padron, and my master for the present is the gentleman whom you see, the most valiant and wealthy of all the English. He has two ships at 20 Vigo laden with riches. I told you when you first seized me up there in our *posada*.

Alcalde.—Where is your passport?

Guide.—I have no passport. Who would think of bringing a passport to such a place as this, where I don’t suppose there are two individuals who can read? I have no passport; my master’s passport of course includes me.

Alcalde.—It does not. And since you have no passport, and having confessed that your name is 30 Sebastian, you shall be shot. Antonio de la Trava,

do you and the musketeers lead this Sebastianillo forth, and shoot him before the door.

Antonio de la Trava.—With much pleasure, *Señor Alcalde*, since you order it. With respect to this fellow, I shall not trouble myself to interfere. He at least is no Englishman. He has more the look of a wizard or *nuveiro*; one of those devils who raise storms and sink launches. Moreover, he says he is from Padron, and those of that place are all
10 thieves and drunkards. They once played me a trick, and I would gladly be at the shooting of the whole *pueblo*.

I now interfered, and said that if they shot the guide they must shoot me too; expatiating at the same time on the cruelty and barbarity of taking away the life of a poor unfortunate fellow who, as might be seen at the first glance, was only half-witted. adding, moreover, that if any person was guilty in this case it was myself, as the other could
20 only be considered in the light of a servant acting under my orders.

‘The safest plan after all,’ said the *alcalde*, ‘appears to be, to send you both prisoners to Corcuvion, where the head *alcalde* can dispose of you as he thinks proper. You must, however, pay for your escort, for it is not to be supposed that the house-keepers of Finisterra have nothing else to do than to ramble about the country with every chance fellow who finds his way to this town.’ ‘As for that
30 matter,’ said Antonio, ‘I will take charge of them both. I am the *valiente* of Finisterra, and fear no

two men living. Moreover, I am sure that the captain here will make it worth my while, else he is no Englishman. Therefore let us be quick and set out for Corcuvion at once, as it is getting late. First of all, however, captain, I must search you and your baggage. You have no arms, of course? But it is best to make all sure.'

Long ere it was dark I found myself again on the pony, in company with my guide, wending our way along the beach in the direction of Corcuvion.¹⁰ Antonio de la Trava tramped heavily on before, his musket on his shoulder.

Myself.—Are you not afraid, Antonio, to be thus alone with two prisoners, one of whom is on horse-back? If we were to try, I think we could overpower you.

Antonio de la Trava—I am the *valiente de Finisterra*, and I fear no odds.

Myself.—Why do you call yourself the *valiente* of Finisterra?²⁰

Antonio de la Trava.—The whole district call me so. When the French came to Finisterra, and demolished the fort, three perished by my hand. I stood on the mountain, up where I saw you scrambling to-day. I continued firing at the enemy, until three detached themselves in pursuit of me. The fools! two perished amongst the rocks by the fire of this musket, and as for the third, I beat his head to pieces with the stock. It is on that account that they call me the *valiente* of Finisterra.³⁰

Myself.—How came you to serve with the English

fleet? I think I heard you say that you were present when Nelson fell.

Antonio de la Trava.—I was captured by your countrymen, captain, and as I had been a sailor from my childhood, they were glad of my services. I was nine months with them, and assisted at Trafalgar. I saw the English admiral die. You have something of his face, and your voice, when you spoke, sounded in my ears like his own. I love the
10 English, and on that account I saved you. Think not that I would toil along these sands with you if you were one of my own countrymen. Here we are at Duyo, captain. Shall we refresh?

We did refresh, or rather Antonio de la Trava refreshed, swallowing pan after pan of wine, with a thirst which seemed unquenchable. 'That man was a greater wizard than myself,' whispered Sebastian, my guide, 'who told us that the drunkards of Finisterra would play us a trick.' At length the
20 old hero of the Cape slowly rose, saying that we must hasten on to Coreuvion, or the night would overtake us by the way.

'What kind of a person is the *alcalde* to whom you are conducting me?' said I

'Oh, very different from him of Finisterra,' replied Antonio. 'This is a young *Señorito*, lately arrived from Madrid. He is not even a Gallegan. He is a mighty liberal, and it is owing chiefly to his orders that we have lately been so much on the alert. It
30 is said that the Carlists are meditating a descent on these parts of Galicia. Let them only come to Finis-

terra, we are liberals there to a man, and the old *valiente* is ready to play the same part as in the time of the French. But, as I was telling you before, the *alcalde* to whom I am conducting you is a young man, and very learned, and if he thinks proper, he can speak English to you, even better than myself, notwithstanding I was a friend of Nelson, and fought by his side at Trafalgar.'

It was dark night before we reached Corcuvion. Antonio again stopped to refresh at a wine-shop, 10 after which he conducted us to the house of the *alcalde*. His steps were by this time not particularly steady, and on arriving at the gate of the house, he stumbled over the threshold and fell. He got up with an oath, and instantly commenced thundering at the door with the stock of his musket. 'Who is it?' at length demanded a soft female voice in Gallegan. 'The *valiente* of Finisterra,' replied Antonio; whereupon the gate was unlocked, and we beheld before us a very pretty female with a candle in her 20 hand. 'What brings you here so late, Antonio?' she inquired. 'I bring two prisoners, *mi pulida*,' replied Antonio. '*Ave Maria!*' she exclaimed. 'I hope they will do no harm.' 'I will answer for one,' replied the old man; 'but as for the other, he is a *nuveiro*, and has sunk more ships than all his brethren in Galicia. But be not afraid, my beauty,' he continued, as the female made the sign of the cross; 'first lock the gate, and then show me the way to the *alcalde*. I have much to tell him.' 30 The gate was locked, and bidding us stay below in

the court-yard, Antonio followed the young woman up a stone stair, whilst we remained in darkness below.

After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour we again saw the candle gleam upon the staircase, and the young female appeared. Coming up to me, she advanced the candle to my features, on which she gazed very intently. After a long scrutiny she went to my guide, and having surveyed him still more
10 fixedly, she turned to me, and said, in her best Spanish, '*Senhor Cavalier*, I congratulate you on your servant. He is the best-looking *mozo* in all Galicia. *Vaya!* if he had but a coat to his back, and did not go barefoot, I would accept him at once as a *novio*; but I have unfortunately made a vow never to marry a poor man, but only one who has got a heavy purse and can buy me fine clothes. So you are a Carlist, I suppose? *Vaya!* I do not like you the worse for that. But, being so, how went
20 you to Finisterra, where they are all *Cristinos* and *negros*? Why did you not go to my village? None would have meddled with you there. Those of my village are of a different stamp from the drunkards of Finisterra. Those of my village never interfere with honest people. *Vaya!* how I hate that drunkard of Finisterra who brought you, he is so old and ugly; were it not for the love which I bear to the *Senhor Alcalde*, I would at once unlock the gate and bid you go forth, you and your servant, the *buen mozo*.'

30 Antonio now descended. 'Follow me,' said he; 'his worship the *alcalde* will be ready to receive you

in a moment.' Sebastian and myself followed him upstairs to a room where, seated behind a table, we beheld a young man of low stature but handsome features and very fashionably dressed. He appeared to be inditing a letter, which, when he had concluded, he delivered to a secretary to be transcribed. He then looked at me for a moment fixedly, and the following conversation ensued between us,—

Alcalde.—I see that you are an Englishman, and my friend Antonio here tells me that you have been 10 arrested at Finisterra.

Myself.—He tells you true; and but for him I believe that I should have fallen by the hands of those savage fishermen.

Alcalde.—The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport. Yes, all in form. Truly it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist.

Myself.—Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos 20 himself.

Alcalde.—Oh! most ridiculous; mistake a countryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth!

Myself.—Excuse me, sir, you speak of the grand somebody.

Alcalde.—The grand Baintham. He who has invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours

Myself.—Oh! you mean Jeremy Bentham? Yes; a very remarkable man in his way. 30

Alcalde.—In his way! in all ways. The most uni-

versal genius which the world ever produced:—a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

Myself.—I have never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon; and, as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega.

Alcalde.—How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman.
10 Now, here am I, a simple *alcalde* of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them day and night.

Myself.—You doubtless, sir, possess the English language?

Alcalde.—I do. I mean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Baintham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand and appreciate your motives for visiting them: excuse the incivility and
20 rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavour to make you reparation. You are this moment free; but it is late, I must find you a lodging for the night. I know one close by which will just suit you. Let us repair thither this moment. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand.

Myself.—The New Testament.

Alcalde.—What book is that?

Myself.—A portion of the sacred writings, the Bible.

30 *Alcalde*.—Why do you carry such a book with you?

Myself.—One of my principal motives in visiting Finisterra was to carry this book to that wild place.

Alcalde.—Ha! ha! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Baintham should set any value upon that old monkish book.

It was now late at night, and my new friend attended me to the lodging which he had destined ¹⁰ for me, and which was at the house of a respectable old female, where I found a clean and comfortable room. On the way I slipped a gratuity into the hand of Antonio, and on my arrival, formally, and in the presence of the *alcalde*, presented him with the Testament, which I requested he would carry back to Finisterra, and keep in remembrance of the Englishman in whose behalf he had so effectually interposed.

Antonio.—I will do so, your worship, and when ²⁰ the winds blow from the north-west, preventing our launches from putting to sea, I will read your present. Farewell, my captain, and when you next come to Finisterra I hope it will be in a valiant English bark, with plenty of contraband on board, and not across the country on a pony, in company with *nuveiros* and men of Padron.

Presently arrived the handmaid of the *alcalde* with a basket, which she took into the kitchen, where she prepared an excellent supper for her ³⁰ master's friend. On its being served up the *alcalde*

bade me farewell, having first demanded whether he could in any way forward my plans.

‘I return to St. James to-morrow,’ I replied, ‘and I sincerely hope that some occasion will occur which will enable me to acquaint the world with the hospitality which I have experienced from so accomplished a scholar as the *Alcalde* of Coreuvion.’

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1. Borrow's first visit to the Peninsula lasted from Nov 1835 till Oct. 1836, when he returned for a month to England.

l. 10. The steamer was the *Manchester*, Captain M'Leod. (See Knapp. i. 257.)

P. 5, l. 13. They remained a week at Lisbon to repair the machinery; thus the voyage from London to Cadiz took 18 days. By April, 1837, the edition of the New Testament was ready. Borrow was then authorized by the Bible Society "to undertake the tour suggested by him for the purpose of circulating copies . . . in some of the principal cities of Spain." Originally he had asked the Society to send over an agent for this purpose. (Knapp, i. 264.)

P. 6, l. 17. The Spanish barber also carries on the professions of surgeon and dentist (see Ford, *Gatherings from Spain*, Everyman Edn., pp. 284, *sqq.*).

P. 7, l. 10. *C'est un mauvais signe, mon maitre*: "it is a bad sign, master."

Antonio: Buchini, the Greek servant whom Borrow engaged shortly before leaving Madrid. He "had rather a juvenile look, though I subsequently learned that he was considerably above forty. He was somewhat above the middle stature, and might have been called well made, had it not been for his meagreness, which was rather remarkable. His arms were long and bony, and his whole form conveyed an idea of great activity united with no slight degree of strength. His hair was wiry, but of jetty blackness; his forehead low; his eyes small and grey, expressive of much subtlety and no less malice, strangely relieved by a strong dash of humour; the nose was handsome, but the mouth was immensely wide, and his under jaw projected considerably. A more singular physiognomy I had never seen . . . His behaviour was frequently in the highest degree extraordinary, but he served me courageously and faithfully: such a valet, take him for all in all—

'His like I ne'er expect to see again.'

—(*Bible in Spain*, c. 19).

l. 16. **whisperers**, those able to charm horses; Borrow learned many such tricks from the Gypsies. See *Lavengro*, ch. 13, *The Romany Rye*, ch. 42.

l. 21. **Chal**, youth. **Kosko gry**, etc. 'Good horse! Gypsy horse! Let me mount you now.'

l. 26. **the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile**, the Sierra de Guadarrama.

P. 8, l. 29. **its collegiate glory**: the University of Salamanca (founded in 1243) was until the end of the 17th century one of the most famous in Europe; its principal studies were in law, theology, and philosophy. (For its connexion with magic, see Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ii. 13).

P. 9, l. 1. **Scholastic philosophy** strictly began with Anselm, and culminated with Thomas Aquinas (13th century), after whom it gradually decayed till the Renaissance. The Schoolmen discussed ethics and theology with the greatest logical subtlety; but very little of their work is remembered now.

l. 24. **in the time of Philip the Third or Fourth**, *eg.* by Cervantes, who died on the same day as Shakespeare. Part I. of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605, Part II. in 1615 (in the reign of Philip III.)

P. 10, l. 5. **San Sebastian**, on the Bay of Biscay, near the French frontier. The Basque provinces were the stronghold of Carlism, and had seen much fighting during the last years. See note on p. 19, l. 6.

l. 13 **paper cigars**, *i.e.* cigarettes, which had not been introduced into England at that time. (See Ford, *l.c.* p. 365.)

P. 14, l. 12. **Russia**: the memory of which would be fresh in Borrow's mind.

P. 15, l. 4. **Medina del Campo**, destroyed early in the 16th century, and never again prosperous.

l. 15. **Catalans**, natives of Catalonia, the industrial province of Spain.

l. 23. **Duero**, better known by its Portuguese name Douro.

P. 17, l. 4. **national guards**: the Spanish Militia had been re-organised under this name; they fought against the Carlists, though they were Liberals rather than *Christinos* (see Intro.). For their duties, etc., see *Bible in Spain*, ch. 12.

l. 9. For Borrow's theory of the origin of the Basque people and language, see *Bible in Spain*, ch. 37; and for their national customs, *Ramuntcho*, by Pierre Loti.

l. 16. **Zariatégui**, a Basque leader on the Carlist side; less famous than Tomas Zumalacarregui, who was killed in 1835.

P. 18. **Children of Egypt**: the name Gypsy is a corruption (through the intermediate form *gipcyan*) of Egyptian, for they

supposed that "their original country was Chal or Egypt." (Borrow, *Zincali*, Part II. ch. 1, *q.v.*) It is now generally thought that they are of Hindu origin.

P. 19, l. 1. Borrow bought this horse cheap, for at the time 'a royal requisition was about to be issued for 5000, the consequence being that an immense number were for sale, for, by virtue of this requisition, the horses of any person not a foreigner could be seized for the benefit of the service.' (*Bible in Spain*, ch. 19.)

l. 6. the English in Spain: there was an English legion of 10,000, with headquarters at San Sebastian; they supported the Christinist side.

l. 27. chabés, boys, fellows hundunares, soldiers. paraguangrastes, bartering horses. chardy, fair. (Romany words.)

P. 20, l. 26. No tenga usted cuidao, don't bother yourself. (*cuidao*, Z. form of Sp *cuidado*.)

P. 23, l. 17. See the famous account of Borrow's first ride on the Irish cob. (*Lavengro*, ch. 13.)

P. 26, l. 8. The Bishop of Leon became the chief counsellor of Don Carlos upon the exile of Calomarde in 1832.

l. 25. ex-friars: the friars and all monastic orders had been suppressed in 1835, and the Jesuits expelled from Spain. The monks were devoted to the absolutist and reactionary cause, as represented by Don Carlos.

P. 30, l. 11. "Come, master! It is time to set out for Lugo and Galicia"

P. 33, l. 27. "Now, a little before them there was, on the left hand of the road, a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow." (Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.)

P. 35, l. 3. Theocritus, the famous Greek idyllist, who lived in Sicily in the 3rd century B.C. (Translations by Calverley and Andrew Lang.)

P. 41, l. 28. the words of Scripture: S. Luke xi. 7.

P. 43, l. 29. Miguelets: see p. 60

P. 44, l. 17. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. 8.

P. 50, l. 5. Gallegan appears to be a separate language, not a mere dialect of Spanish.

l. 10. "I am acquainted with almost all these gentry, and, between ourselves, they are absolute good-for-nothings."

P. 54, l. 3. Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods.

P. 56, l. 10. Queen Isabel, see Intro.

P. 59, l. 19. Lugo (*Lucus Augusti*) was capital only of the N. part of Roman Galicia.

P. 65, l. 15. Guipuzcoa, one of the Biscayan provinces.

P. 67, l. 2. Moore, Sir John (1761-1809), who fell at Coruña in Jan. 1809. His army of 20,000 men was left unsupported in Central Spain, with the pick of the French army, under Napoleon, Soult, and Ney, in pursuit. They had therefore to retreat through the mountains of Galicia, suffering untold hardships from cold and privation. At Coruña his troops turned and fought the French, so that they might all embark for England. Moore's was perhaps the most heroic retreat in history.

P. 68, l. 17. Guadalete, the ancient Lethe; called by the Romans Limaea, and also the River of Forgetfulness. For the legend, see Class. Dict.

l. 19. St James. Borrow's name for the town of Santiago.

P. 69, l. 10. Thus Chaucer's Wife of Bath had been 'in Galice at Seint Jame.' The frequent pilgrimages thither are satirized more than once in *Piers Plowman* (e.g. *Prolog.* 47, iv. 126). According to the legend, the body of St. James travelled in a marble ship without oars or sails from Joppa to Iria Flavia (Padron) in seven days. For much curious information see Southey's notes to his poem *The Pilgrim to Compostella*; also Chambers' *Book of Days*, July 25. St. James is the patron saint of Spain, and is said to have fought in battle for his people no less than thirty-eight times. So popular was his shrine that 'there used to be interpreters at Compostella for all languages' (Southey, *l.c.*).

l. 13. the child of the thunder, Boanerges, our Lord's name for James and John, the sons of Zebedee. S. Mark iii. 17.

P. 71, l. 12. Titans, legendary giants.

P. 72, l. 8. Tencer the Telamonian, brother of Ajax, fought against Troy. The usual legend says that he formed a colony in Cyprus.

P. 73, l. 8. Socrates, whose wife Xanthippe has become proverbial as a shrew.

l. 23. For the localism of Spaniards, see Ford, *l.c.* ch. 1.

P. 76, l. 10. your Society, i.e. the Bible Society.

P. 78, l. 14. Vigo Bay runs inland twenty miles and is five miles wide at the mouth.

l. 27. Lutheran, i.e. Protestant.

P. 79, l. 1. the united flags of Holland and England. In Oct., 1702, during the War of Spanish Succession, an English and Dutch fleet, under Sir George Rooke and Admiral Van Almonde, attacked seventeen Spanish treasure galleons in Vigo Bay; the English land forces were commanded by the Duke of Ormonde. The galleons were protected by sixteen French and Spanish ships; all were captured or destroyed, and about £1,000,000

worth of booty taken. (See Leadlam, *Political History of England*, vol. ix., p. 14; and an entry in Evelyn's *Diary*, Dec., 1702).

L. 8 whilst the bombs of Cobham, etc. in 1719, Sir Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, captured Vigo, and destroyed the military stores which were collected there. He had intended to attack Coruña, but found it too strong.

To these events it may be added that Drake in 1585 plundered Vigo, taking away 30,000 ducats, and in 1589 (with Sir John Norris) burnt the town. (See Hakluyt, *Everyman Ed*, vol. iv., p. 342.)

P. 83, l. 23. No tenga, etc. See n on p 20, l 26

P. 91, l. 1. Icolmkill, known better by its Latinized name, Iona. The name means I (the original form) of Columba of the Cells—from St. Columba, the famous priest who brought Christianity from Ireland (sixth century). See Chambers' *Book of Days*, June 9; and, for an account of the ruins, Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*.

P. 100, l. 3. Munster, where Borrow spent part of his youth. See *Lavengro*, ch 10-13.

l. 11 Catalan, See p 15, l 15n.

P. 103, l. 29 Alva, Ferdinand Alvaras, Duke of Alva (1508-1582), the Spanish General of Charles V. and Philip II. He was Governor-General of the Netherlands, where he established his notorious Blood Council, which practised the most atrocious cruelties.

Philip, i.e. Philip II of Spain (1527-1598).

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, treated the Aztecs with horrible cruelty (1485-1547).

Pizarro, Francis, conqueror of Peru (1475-1541).

P. 107, l. 12. It should be remembered that Borrow was still suffering from the effects of fever.

P. 110, l. 29. tambien voy yo, I am going as well.

P. 111, l. 30. For the advantage of carrying a Spanish passport, see Ford, p 296.

P. 114, l. 10. Cf. Ford, l.c. p. 97. 'As no Spaniard ever walks for pleasure, and none ever perform a journey on foot except tramps and beggars, it is never supposed possible that anyone else should do so except from compulsion. Pedestrians therefore are either ill-received, or become objects of universal suspicion; for a Spanish authority, judging of others by himself, always takes the worst view of the stranger, whom he considers as guilty until he proves himself innocent.'

P. 115, l. 17. Sebastianillo, diminutive form.
W.S. i

P. 117, l. 22. When the French came to Finisterra, presumably the army under the Duke of Angoulême, which in 1823 invaded Spain and restored Ferdinand VII. after the Revolution of Riego. See Intro.

P. 118, l. 28. liberal, in favour of progressive measures, as represented in Spain by the Constitution of 1812.

P. 121, l. 23, Goth, uncivilized, ignorant person.

l. 29. Jeremy Bentham, a famous writer on jurisprudence and ethics (1748-1832). He was the greatest of the Utilitarian school of philosophers, whose principle was 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' As a matter of fact, most of Bentham's works had been translated into Spanish by this time. (Knapp l. 269.)

P. 122, l. 2. Solon, the Athenian lawgiver—one of the greatest legislators of the world (640-558 B.C.). Bentham had been called the 'English Solon' in the *Monthly Magazine*, the Review to which Borrow had wished to contribute in 1824. (See *Lavengro*, ch 30, and Knapp, *l.c.*)

Plato, the greatest of philosophers, showed himself a legislator in the *Republic* and *Laws* (429-347 B.C.).

Lope de Vega, the most famous dramatist of Spain (1562-1635). Bentham wrote no poetry

[From Finisterra Borrow returned to Coruña, and thence travelled along the N coast of Spain as far as Santander, returning from there to Madrid by Burgos and Valladolid. The Bible in Spain contains the record of his further journeys and imprisonments, and ends with his visit to Tangier in August, 1839]

GLOSSARY.

[Sp = Spanish ; Port. = Portuguese ; Z. = dialect of the Zincoli, or Sp. Gypsies].

- aguardiente (90. 14), Spanish brandy (lit firewater).
 alcalde (86. 1, etc.), the mayor of a town, village authority;
 alcalde mayor (115. 11) that of a district
 alcove (9. 26), recess (Sp. from Arabic).
 Andalou (20. 16), gypsy for Andalusian.
 anise (63. 13 ; 94. 30), a kind of liqueur Cf the French *anisette*.
 arriero (10. 1, *et passim*), muleteer, 'a gee-uper, for his *arre arre*
 is pure Arabic' (Ford, *Gatherings from Spain*, Everyman
 edition, p. 86—*q. v.* for a good description of the *arrieros*)
 Ave Maria (47. 1, etc.), 'Hail, Mary,' a prayer to the Virgin
 (from S. Luke i. 28) ; a common ejaculation.
 azumbre (50. 21, etc.), a Spanish measure, about half a gallon.
 baiting-house (31. 19), inn, esp. for feeding horses.
 banditti (52. 26, etc.), Ital. pl. of bandit (=brigand). Also Eng.
 pl. bandits.
 barranco (19. 12), deep gully (Sp.).
 besti (20. 21), saddle. Used here for 'mount' (Z.).
 biped (84. 11), two-legged.
 bodega (79. 8), wine store (Sp.). See Ford, *l.c.* p. 170.
 bombastic (67. 8), boastful, inflated in style.
 bourne (105. 4), goal, end of journey.
 brackish (74. 13), rather salt.
 brasero (39. 18), brazier (Sp.).
 bribon (114. 3), vagabond, fraud (Sp.).
 broa (90. 14), coarse bread (Gallegan).
 buen (120. 29), good, fine (Sp.).
 busno (20. 8), 'a gentile, a savage, every person who is not of
 the Gypsy sect' (Borrow in *The Zincoli*, *q. v.* for a note of
 the term.
 W.S.

caballeria (10. 1), cavalcade, number of horses, etc (Sp).

caballero (85. 17), cavalier (cf. 95. 4); *cavalheiro* (99. 29) is the Port. form of the word. 'To be a rider, "*caballero*," is the Spaniard's synonym for gentleman; and it is their correct mode of addressing each other, and is bandied gravely among the lower orders, who never have crossed any quadruped save a mule or a jackass.' Ford, *l.c.* p. 76.

calcareous (18. 7), containing limestone. (More correctly spelt *-ious*.)

Calle (7. 6), street (Sp.)

Caloré (20. 6), pl. of Calóro, gypsy.

camarera (49. 15), chambermaid (Sp).

canalla (39. 29), rabble (Sp)—the Fr *canaille*.

Cantabrian (78. 31), from Cantabri, the Roman name for a war-like people of N. Spain

carracho (64. 11), used instead of *carrajo*, a very common oath in Spain. v. Ford, *l.c.* p. 78.

cavalgadura (100. 5) beast of burden. (Gallegan, for Sp. *cab-*.)

circumjacent (47. 16), situated round

companheiro (50. 8), companion (Port).

conde (14. 30), count (Sp).

contrabandista (7. 13), smuggler (Sp.).

course (79. 26), used in the French sense of a 'race.'

Cristino (120. 20), belonging to the party of Queen Christina.
See Introduction.

cuarto (35. 28), farthing (Sp).

débouchment (103. 8), river-mouth.

détour (107. 2), roundabout way, digression.

diseñogue (72. 7), pour forth at mouth (of a river).

dissonant (15. 3), discordant, harsh, unmusical.

dollar (10. 21, 86. 25), the Spanish coin called Duro. 16 dollars = 1 onza (v. *ounce*). (Ford, *l.c.* p. 113)

doubloon (79. 11), the double pistole, a Sp gold coin now worth about £1

driftway (48. 14), a road for driving cattle (archaic).

el valiente (115. 8, etc), the champion (lit the valiant, Sp.)

embustero (88. 17), cheat (Sp.).

entero (7. 7, etc.), stallion (Sp.).

erray (20. 6), 'gentleman, knight' (Borrow, *Zincali*).

- eruct** (71. 17), lit. belch forth.
- escapade** (98. 8), a breaking loose from restraint (fr. Sp. *escapada*).
- España** (43. 31), Spain (Sp.).
- Estrimenian** (10. 6), from Estremadura, a Sp. province bordering on Portugal *Estremou* (21. 8) is the Z. form.
- expatiate** (116. 14), to speak at length.
- faccioso** (114. 4), Sp. for *factious* (19. 13, etc.), rebel, i.e. Carlist. See Introduction.
- fanfaronading** (60. 25), bragging; from fanfare, a flourish on a trumpet.
- farrier** (51. 27), horse doctor, veterinary surgeon.
- faubourg** (77. 16), suburb (Fr.).
- filou** (49. 13), pickpocket (Fr.).
- finis terrae** (102. 22), land's end (Lat.).
- flambeau** (55. 6), torch (Fr.).
- fleam** (64. 1), lancet for bleeding horses (cf. phlebotomy).
- fonda** (65. 9), hotel, the best kind of Sp. inn. See Ford, *l.c.* p. 183. 'Men only, not horses, are taken in at a *fonda*; but there is generally a keeper of a stable or of a minor inn in the vicinity, to which the traveller's animals are consigned.'
- founder** (5. 7, of a ship; 46. 22, of a horse), to break down.
- frith** (95. 16) = firth, arm of the sea, fiord.
- funcion** (12. 19), a social gathering (e.g. a bull fight), adopted in this sense in English. Used here for a 'scene.'
- galled** (10. 5, 21. 10), used of a horse which has galls, or blisters.
- Gallegan** (49. 2, etc.), adj. of Galicia; Galician is also used.
- galvanic** (76. 1), sudden, as if galvanized.
- ginete** (24. 14), horseman (Sp.).
- Gitáno** (20. 9), or Jitáno, the Sp. name for Gypsies (= Egyptian); they called themselves *Zincali*.
- Groyne** (66. 3), breakwater.
- guerilla** (43. 28), irregular warfare. Borrow uses it here for *guerrillero*, the soldiers in such a war.
- Herculean** (60. 24), as strong as Hercules.
- hermetically** (47. 6), air-tight (Alchemy was called the hermetic art, from Hermes Trismegistus, a fabulous king of Egypt, its supposed inventor Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 88.)

indomitable (104. 2), not to be tamed or subdued.

infante (112. 14) prince (Sp.)

innocuous (36. 15), harmless.

jerkin (7. 11), close-fitting jacket, usually of leather.

justicia (110. 1), the local magistrates (Sp.).

labyrinth (42. 7), maze.

league (7. 29), a measure varying in different countries, usually about three miles.

lúme (99. 15), light (Port.).

macho (9. 29, etc.), mule (Sp.).

malo (12. 17), bad, vicious (Sp.).

meclis (21. 17) = mek lis, drop it. (Eng. Romany; cf. *The Romany Rye*, chap. v.)

Melegрана (20. 11), Granada (Z.).

mercado (20. 14), market (Sp.).

mi pulida (119. 22), my beauty (Sp.).

Montero cap (7. 11), a horseman's cap, with round crown and flaps—as worn by Corporal Trim. (Said to be named from the *monteros* (= mountaineers) of Espinoza, who formed the bodyguard of the kings of Castile.)

mozo (120. 12), lad (Sp.).

mute (13. 9), a variety of mule; called also hinny.

negro (120. 21), black; applied to Gypsies and *Cristinos* as a term of abuse (Sp.).

novio (120. 15), lover (Sp.).

notary public (73. 13), an official authorized to draw up deeds, etc.; *notary*, lawyer.

nuveiro (*passim*), see 94. 28

olfactory (64. 24), concerned with smelling. *Olfactory organ*, the nose. (See *The King's English*, p. 171.)

ounce (20. 29, 63. 30), Sp. *onza*, 'the largest Sp. gold coin, worth 16 dollars, or about £3 6s.' Ford, *l.c.* p. 115.

Panhagia (35. 23), the Virgin. Lit. All-Holy (Greek).

parochial (26. 26), belonging to a parish.

paroxysm (98. 7), violent fit (of disease, anger, laughter, etc.).

parra (72. 17, 77. 1), trellis on which vines are trained (Sp.).

- pendulous** (90. 20), hanging
- perquisites** (53. 23), 'takings,' allowed in addition to wages ; often used for petty thefts.
- peseta** (42. 9), a Sp. coin, worth about a *franc*.
- piazza** (15. 10), open square (Sp.), like
- plaza** (59. 18).
- pobrecito** (55. 30), poor fellow (Sp.).
- por dios** (20. 16), by God (Sp.)
- posada** (8. 25, *et passim*), see Ford, *l.c.* p. 186: 'The genuine Spanish town inn is called the *posada*, as being meant to mean a house of *repose* after the pains of travel. Strictly speaking, the keeper is only bound to provide lodging, salt, and the power of cooking whatever the traveller brings with him or can procure out of doors ; and in this it differs from the *fonda*, in which meats and drinks are furnished. The *posada* ought only to be compared to its type, the *Khan* of the East, and never to the inn of Europe,' etc.
- process** (26. 17), legal action.
- propinquity** (8. 17), nearness
- puchera** (16. 16), stew, a favourite Sp. dish. Ford, *l.c.* p. 137 : Except in Andalusia (where it is called *olla*), 'it is but a poor affair, made of dried beef, or rather cow, boiled with *garbanzos* or chick peas, and a few sausages.'
- pueblo** (116. 12), village ; lit. people (Sp.).
- purling** (54. 13), babbling (of a brook).
- quien vive ?** (43. 25), who goes there ? (lit. who lives ?—Sp.).
- quel pays barbare !** (46. 18), what a barbarous country ! (Fr.).
- repostero** (53. 15), butler (Sp.).
- requiso** (19. 2), requisition for the army (Sp.).
- sanative** (60. 6), healing, curative.
- sardinha** (108. 10), sardine (Port). (Named from Sardis, in Asia Minor)
- scarify** (28. 30), lay the skin open.
- señor** (21. 7, *et passim*), gentleman, sir ; *señora* (49. 16, etc.), mistress, lady. *Senhor* (51. 6, etc.), the Port form. *Señorito* (118. 26), diminutive of señor.
- serrated** (103. 10), jagged, like a saw edge (cf. *sierra*).
- si** (51. 6), yes (Sp.).
- siesta** (36. 26), afternoon sleep (Sp.). (Lat. *sexta hora*.)

- spermaceti** (108. 6), a fatty substance found in the heads of certain whales; used for making candles, etc.
- subaltern** (80. 9), junior officer (below rank of captain)
- su merced** (10 19), his worship (Sp).
- summerset** (89. 2), somersault.
- sylvan** (35. 12), wooded (More correctly spelt silvan, from Lat. *silva*)
- symphony** (77. 6), harmony.
- tenement** (91. 4), habitation; the body is often called the tenement of the soul.
- tester** (29. 19), the canopy of a four-post bed.
- tortuous** (34. 5), winding
- umbrageous** (36 22), shady.
- vaya** (19. 9, etc.), Come ' (Sp.).
- vecino** (79. 10), inhabitant (Sp.)
- veer** (4. 31), change direction.
- venta** (15 22), an isolated country inn, like 'the Roman stabulum, whose original intention was the housing of cattle, while the accommodation of travellers was secondary, and so it is in Spain to this day.' (Ford, *l c* p. 189; there follows a most racy description of the *venta* and its life)
- volubility** (65. 18), talkativeness.
- wry** (87. 30), crooked, skew.

EXERCISES AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Write sentences to show the meaning of :
 - (a) bombastic, factious, innocuous (what is its opposite?), indomitable, promiscuous, eccentric, heretic, uncouth, emblematic, notorious. What is the difference between luxuriant and luxurious?
 - (b) hermetically, immoderately, insupportably, mechanically, successively, infallibly. What is the adverb of temporary?
 - (c) expatiate, vend, veer, partition, extricate, weather (as a verb), transcribe, founder, intervene, verify.
 - (d) in lieu of, to have recourse to, to make reparation.
2. Give (a) the nouns corresponding to useful, bigoted, atrocious, infamous, impetuous, capricious, sublime.
 - (b) the adjectives corresponding to parish, circuit, precipe, antipathy, labyrinth, night, bishop, medicine, quadriangle.
3. What is the meaning of the first syllable of Galicia? In what other countries is it found? (See Taylor's *Words and Places*.)
4. What is wrong about Borrow's use of the word 'individual' (e.g. l. 13)? (See *The King's English*, p. 53.) Why should you not imitate such phrases as olfactory organ (54. 24), finny tribe (36. 7), candle of heaven (37. 4)? Is there any special point in the use of 'biped species' (84. 11)?
5. The chief characteristics of Spaniards.
6. In what ways was Borrow specially fitted for his work in Spain?
7. The difficulties and dangers of Spanish travel in Borrow's time.
8. Gypsies.
9. A history of English dealings with Spain.

10. Write a description of (a) somebody you know, (b) some climb you have made, imitating Borrow's account of his guide (p. 87), and of his ascent of Finisterra

11. What qualities in Borrow's writing make it so interesting? Compare it with any other books of travel you have read.

12. Which of the places that Borrow visited would you most like to see? Give reasons for your choice.

13. 'The behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow-beings' (p. 11). Can you lay down any rules for this behaviour?

14. Write a short poem on the legend of Los Angeles (p. 89).

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

A BORROW.

1. *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* are practically Borrow's autobiography to the year 1825. (The best text is that published by John Murray)

2. The *Life* by W. J. Knapp (2 vols) is the indispensable source for all accurate information ; but it is very long and overloaded with detail. Shorter and more recent books are —

3. *The Life of George Borrow*, by Herbert Jenkins. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net)

4. *George Borrow—The Man and His Books*, by Edward Thomas. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net)

5. Mr. Watts-Dunton has written many interesting reminiscences of Borrow. (See e.g. his *Life* by James Douglas, ch. ix.)

6. A stimulating essay by Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his *Selected Essays*. (Nelson, 1s net.)

B SPAIN.

1. *The Zincoli* is in many ways supplementary to *The Bible in Spain*

2. Ford's *Gatherings from Spain* should be in the hands of every reader of *The Bible in Spain*. It provides much necessary information, and is in itself a most entertaining book. (Everyman Library, 1s net.)

3. *Modern Spain*, by Martin Hume (Story of the Nations Series), gives a full account of the Carlist War. There is a short account in Burke's edition of the *The Bible in Spain*. (Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

4. Pictures and descriptions of many of the towns visited by Borrow may be found in *Northern Spain*. (Black, 20s. net— now remaindered)

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